

"A PARASITE"

By IRVIN LAYTON

(Editor's Note: For the following story, Irvin Layton has been awarded the five dollars offered by the Daily for the best contribution to the Christmas issue.)

AT that time I was in the habit of dropping in each morning upon the Cusiniers. They always appeared glad to see me and would welcome me cordially.

"You are looking tired," Calan, the younger of the two sisters murmured over a bun that she was eating. "As usual, you have gone to bed late and your jacket—ugh—it stinks something dreadful of tobacco." I readily forgave this last thrust because of the charming way she had of squeezing her small nose as though to ward off further danger. And then taking my arm she led me forward to a chair and made me sit down.

But it was Mimi who came down to business with blunt precision. "Have you had your breakfast?" Not waiting for an answer or but half-listening to my stammering, ineffectual lies she hastened to place a bowl of strong coffee and some buttered bread before me.

"There now, eat, you good-for-nothing," she clucked noisily. A warm smile dimpled her healthy-coloured cheeks and a sunbeam seemed to be caught in her hair. A frown on her white forehead reminded one for a brief instant of a happy child that sees a desired gift within its grasp.

The Cusiniers kept a slightly discoloured spoon especially for my use. It was an heirloom from the time of the Directory and they knew the deep contentment it gave me to feel it between my thumb and forefinger. I looked up gratefully at Mimi whenever she placed it beside my plate, losing myself often in a reverie where silver spoons and tinkling delicate plates and joyful maidens danced an endless charade. "There's your spoon, viellard, now do hurry up and eat."

Having breakfasted, I was escorted into the bedroom of Madame Cusinier. She kept blinking at me from underneath her coverlet like a bright little animal all the while talking in French. Her overworked daughters took turns translating her chaotic words into understandable English. Yet they seemed to be powerless against the crystal jet of words that dropped pell-mell upon the floor from beneath the bed-sheets. A more-than-usual emphatic movement of the tip of her white cap punctuated her discourse from time to time. Then the cataract ceased and Mimi, smiling and embarrassed, indicated that her mother wished to dress. I was wheeled around and marched out of the room while crackling, splitting words fell on the air.

The living room was modestly furnished and in the best taste. An electric clock, the slender second hand moving uniformly, rhythmically across its face, sat on the long brown table. The clock was small and square; nevertheless it suggested my landlady's with its heavy, brassy notes striking out each splendid hour. Whenever it struck and boomed so I would mutter to myself—"nine . . . ten . . . eleven sandcups emptied down the winds of eternity." On the walls were various framed pictures taken from Greek Mythology and L'Illustration. An enormous green vase contained in delicate basketing and gazed upon by two silver peacocks, one on each side, ornamented the mantelpiece, and facing it on the opposite wall was a plate of the "Four Jolly Friars." A green oblong carpet covered the floor.

"SHALL you read us something this morning?" asked Calan holding up a book to me. The two minettes were not exactly in love with their studies but stories read or told to them they could listen to by the hour. I selected Gorki's beautiful legend "The Fourth Nail" and I can very well remember their intent looks while Mimi would always gasp and suck lusciously at an "Oh" puckering up her lips if something sad or terrible had happened. And as that was rather often I soon came to welcome those delightful little interruptions which gave a point, a piquancy to the shabbiest tale.

"What a wonderful story!" cried Mimi.

"And so beautifully told, too," commented Calan, upon whom the somber biblical prose had made a profound impression. "But how can spirits make themselves heard?" Wherewith this disciple of Pragmatism seized her Sta-Sta and began cutting up a new dress for it.

"As for me, I do not like it at all," I remarked dryly. "It's fantastic stupid, untrue."

"How can you say such things?" demanded Mimi angrily, who was not yet fully recovered from her immersion into Russian belles lettres. "It is you who are stupid."

And Calan shook her head over Sta-Sta and repeated slowly, "You are stupid. Yes . . . you are stupid."

It was evidently necessary to teach them a lesson. "Life," I began magnificently, "Life is never like that; there is no single niche in it for beauty or truth or suffering and endurance for the sake of either. And that is why tinkling legends are always conjured in the past tense. Perhaps the future . . . the future perhaps . . ."

"You are always talking like that. By the way you carry on one would imagine there were never any good people nor any good things to live for." The healthy colour had now left Mimi's face and her little hand clenched in a fist.

"All the same, life is not like that," I repeated fixedly. I envied and was exasperated in turn by her cool unshakable confidence, her strident optimism. Suddenly I had a ludicrous picture of a market woman standing uncovered in the rain and red-faced, bawling at the top of her voice. "The rats are flopping into the drain," "The rats are flopping into the drain."

(Continued on Page Six)

UNIVERSITY STREET

I heard some sleigh bells jingling
In the noisy street below.
The houses just across the way
Were veiled by falling snow.

I felt I was at home again—
Miles away from Montreal,
Spending Christmas in the country—
Clearly I could feel it all.

See the tree with sparkling tinsel,
In the firelight's flickering glow,
Smell the fragrant cedar branches—
Watch the pile of parcels grow.

See the cards and wreaths of holly
On mantelpiece and window-sill,
Everyone is humming carols,
Full of seasonal goodwill.

Hear the sleighbells jingling gayly
Down the snowy country lane . . .
A motorbike roars by my window,
And I'm in Montreal again.

—ANON.

**CHRISTMAS
PAST**With the Colourful
Traditions of
By-gone Days**The First Christmas.**

While it is necessary to begin even an outline history of Christmas with the Nativity, there is no use competing with the magnificent account to be found in the Elizabethan version of the Bible.

Let us pass, then, to the more familiar and popular attributes of Christmas. Nearly all of the traditions and associations of the modern Christmas are of pagan origin. The revelries of the Romans, the solemnities of the old Celts, and the folk tales of the ancient Teutons have all contributed to this season of festive mirth and jesting jollity.

The Mistletoe.

The custom of hanging up the mistletoe, for example, originated with the ancient Britons. Strangely enough, the ceremony was then a solemn one. The Arch-Druid, robed in white, cut the mistletoe from the oak with a golden sickle, and the sacred plant was caught in a cloth of purest lawn, held by immaculate maidens.

The early Christian missionaries, finding the people loth to forsake their old customs, allowed such portions of the mistletoe ceremony as were not definitely pagan to be incorporated into the festivals of the church. Thus Christian and pagan traditions became intermingled. Now, it was one of practices of the primitive church for brothers in Christ to embrace in the "pax vobiscum," or kiss of peace. Very early in the history of Christmas, kissing under the mistletoe became a recognized part of the festivities.

Holly Day.

The Romans hung up holly for decorative purposes during the week of the Saturnalian orgies. The ancient Germans draped their homes with evergreens so that the spirits of the woods would creep in to shelter from the stormy blast and confer blessings upon the house.

In Derbyshire, prickly holly is called "he," and non-prickly "she." If the holly brought into the house is rough, then the husband is master of the house, but if it is smooth, then the wife wears the pants. This sex differentiation seems to bear out Darwin's contention that the holly is not an hermaphrodite (pansy to you), but some authorities still claim that it is.

Santa Claus and "Gifts."

St. Nicholas was a Bishop of Myra, who was tortured for the faith in the time of Diocletian. He was reputed to have been very wealthy, and his emblem became three purses, or three golden balls—now the sign of the pawnbroker.

Legend has it that one day he heard a poor old man bewailing that his daughters would have to go on the streets or starve, because he was too poor to give them a dowry. St. Nick secretly sent the old man the required money for the dowries, and the three daughters lived happily ever after with their Prince Charmings. All gifts from anonymous sources came to be ascribed to the saint. He was the patron saint of children (as well as of merchants, travellers, sailors and Russia), and delighted particularly in giving them playthings.

The early Dutch colonists brought him to America, where "San Nicolaas" soon became shortened to Santa Claus. In Germany, he was known as "das Christkindlein," and this term gradually became the now well-known "Kris Kringle."

From Norway came the legend of the reindeer and the sleigh, and thus Father Christmas took on his rotund, jolly modern appearance.

The Stocking on the Mantelpiece.
To keep them warm, shoes and stockings were placed near the fire at night. Now it happened on one occasion that St. Nicholas dropped a purse down the chimney, and it fell into a stocking. Naturally, folks were struck by this quaint method of giving presents, and the custom of hanging up stockings came to stay.

The Glory of Lebanon.
There is a wonderful old legend that, on the night of the Nativity, all the trees in the forest bloomed and more fruit, although it was (Continued on Page Six)

**Greetings from
Principal Douglas**

Another Christmas will soon be rolling around to greet us and another year will soon be coming to its close. My wish for the season, for the New Year and for all years to come, is that you may go about your daily business in an environment of peace and good will towards all men. A Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all.

L. W. DOUGLAS,
Principal and Vice-Chancellor,
McGill University.

BLIND DATE

By Robert A. Spencer

"Anyway," growled Allan throwing dirty looks to the world in general, "I'm through with blind dates for the rest of my life."

"How's that?" I asked winking at the ceiling.

"Well for the fifth and—" he began.

"Pardon me," I put in, "the sixth time."

"Eh? What? Oh yes," he went on, "and I get madder each time."

"Tell it again, I don't mind." I always did like getting a rise out of people as the man with the dynamite said.

"Well you see, last Tuesday Ivor phoned and asked me if I would help him out. He wanted to take his girl skiing, but she had another girl visiting her, and wouldn't leave her behind. So like a darned fool I agreed to fill in."

"Did you have a nice time?" I asked wickedly.

"Nice time nothing. It was hell, every minute of it."

"Wasn't she good-looking?"

"Heck no. She was a sight, and talked in a voice two octaves above middle C, and raved on all about 'mamma' and 'poppa' and things 'back home.' And the worst of it was she couldn't ski. She went down the first hill, skinned a tree, and landed head first in a snow-bank. When I had pulled her out of that and brushed her off, she slipped near the top of the next hill and turned somersaults all the way down. She was crying like blazes when I picked her up, and she clung to me for ten minutes saying all the time what a 'deah boy' I was. That was the last straw. I very politely said good-bye and told them that I would meet them at the Chalet in an hour."

"What did she say to you then?"

"Plenty, but it went out of my mind like water off a duck's back. But the worst of it is that Ivor knew what sort she was all along, and he took me for a stooge."

"You sure were," I muttered absently.

"Say, another crack like that and I'll go roll you in a snowbank."

He was just about to do so when I saw that things had gone too far, so I said hurriedly, "O.K., I take it all back."

We were loafing in my bedroom. Allan was tilting back in his chair with his feet on the bed, a picture of laziness and misery. Usually a cocky sort of chap he was still moping over the ruined evening of last week. I don't know what made me, but suddenly I murmured "Blind date."

Allan's feet came down off the bed with a thump, and he turned and glared at me.

"Will you shut up," as if he meant it.

"O.K. but—say, listen—I've got an idea."

"I don't want to hear it."

"How about a little revenge?" I asked, bound to get a few words in.

"Aw forget it," he piped up as if his thoughts were elsewhere.

"Listen you stooge," I answered warming to the idea, "get this through your head. Why not make Ivor go on a blind date with the dumbest dame we can find?"

It seemed to take a little while (Continued on Page Five)

**CHRISTMAS
PRESENT**Being the Saga of
Yuletide Versus
Modernity**Mail Early.**

We are a little in doubt as to the time and place of origin of this custom. Certainly it could not have had its inception in the days of the Druids. There are several very good reasons for this assertion. Firstly, the Druids were in the habit of giving presents only on very rare occasions. It was a time when everyone looked after his own interests and didn't give a continental about whether "Aunt Fanny needed two antimacassars or would be content with one pair of woollen socks." Consequently, no presents. Secondly, (and this is rather pertinent) there was no rural delivery to speak of in those days.

How different are the ways of modern man! He harks back to the time of the Druids, and calls forth all the customs which might enhance his physical well-being; he sprinkles mistletoe all over the countryside in the hope of catching some unsuspecting young thing unaware; he sits back (in some corners of this globe) and even resurrects some of the Druid deities to help him further his nefarious schemes; he reiterates the old, time-honoured, slightly - moth - eaten adages, and he adds one of his own "Mail Early!" Truly, a remarkable creature!

Eat, Drink, and . . .

So goes the old saying, "Eat, drink and be merry," at the Ritzmore Club, "dinner de luxe only \$3.00 a person, with our entire floor show of—50 beautiful damsels 50—, our Slinky Southern Songstress, and Percival Vander Snorch and his Musical Maniacs." Thus obtains a measure of progress. Humanity advances by leaps and bounds. First we get the brutal cave-man, a single, solitary, pitifully-alone-like figure. He stalks through the aboreal domain of the Pleistocene beating his chest and looking for a mate. Poor great-great-great-great-great-grandfather!

Time Marches On! Great-great-great-great-great-grandfather has found a mate, has caused the appearance of a few blessed events, and, lo and behold, comes the family. No longer is he lonesome. Family joins family, tribe mingles with tribe, nation engulfs nation, race encroaches on the domain of race, and still great-great-great-great-grandfather's primeval urge remains unsatisfied. He still celebrates his holidays at his own hearth. He finds himself in a small world of his own on his festive days. Alas!

Ta-ra-ra-ta-tum! Comes the Twentieth Century. Great-great-great-great-great-grandson decides to throw off the eternal shackles of his forbears; he must progress beyond the year 1. Secretly, slyly, confidently he lays his plans. He WILL become emancipated. He'll show those old "stick-in-the-muds" how to be a social creature. He'll break the bonds that have held him in the iron grip of tradition! He has evolved a scheme.

And so we arrive at the birth of an era. The old fashioned Christmas is thrown into discard. Away with all tradition, with turkey, with Santa Claus, with holly, with quiet family gatherings, with wholesome Christmas cheer. He joins with his fellow-conspirators in a "gala night of merriment." Together they eat the food prepared by a great army of sweating chefs for the gustatory satisfaction of an equally great army of hungry celebrants. "Eat, drink, let the shades of our forefathers watch the antics of their emancipated offspring."

"Let joy be unconfined." The modern, "shaggy" joy is never confined. It is the only part of the celebration which modern man has not as yet succeeded in emancipating. He's trying to outdo his ancestry. His war-dance is, if anything, more frenzied. The beat of the drum, the blare of the brasses, the tiny tinkling of the piano, the discordant notes of the "Flat Foot Floogie with the Floy-Floy!" All combine to make this the merriest Christmas since time began. "Step right up, ladies and gentlemen, and get your share of the spirit. Here they are, those gorgeous, glamorous, scintillating stars of our Yuletide Revue,—50 beautiful damsels 50—!"

Carolling Christmas Trees.
Who would have imagined that (Continued on Page Six)

A MEDIEVAL TALE

By F. VILLON

CHRISTMAS in the good old medieval days!—when the scenes on modern greeting cards were actually taking place, when the merry retainers dragged the huge yule-log, on which the jester perched and capered, into the great hall, when the baron and his guests sat down to a board groaning with wine and viands, including boars' heads trimmed with holly, when good King Wenceslas looked out and was moved to compassion for the poor man gathering fuel in the snow below.

These scenes, however, were very far from being realized on the particular Christmas Eve in the Fifteenth Century of which this tale relates. Alain Beauchamp, Bachelor of Arts of the University of Oxford and Master of Arts of the University of Paris, stood gloomily contemplating the three live lice which constituted the sole lining of his ragged purse, and pondered the problem of how to secure the wherewithal fittingly to celebrate the occasion of the birth of Our Lord. The great University of Paris considered itself more than generous when it paid him the munificent sum of two sous a week for his board—although an skilled manual labourer could each earn as much in a single day.

To assist his meditations, Alain chewed a greasy thumb with great solemnity. Suddenly he brightened. That snivelling pupil of his Benoit de Joly, would have some money. Undoubtedly he had written home to Poppa back on the ancestral acres, and undoubtedly Poppa had come across. Surely the scholarly Benoit, stooped with too close attention to his books, could be induced—or bullied—into lending his worthy tutor a few odd pence—or more!

Lightly Alain sped along the corridor to his pupil's room. Having paused to catch his breath, he knocked peremptorily, and when the oak swung back, strode in confidently, saying:

"What's the purpose in sporting your oak, Benny? . . ."

He paused, mouth agape, for it was not the lean and hunch-shouldered form of the studious Benoit which confronted him, but a very lovely looking girl indeed. Taken aback, Alain stammered:

"I beg your pardon. I thought . . ."

She smiled and blushed prettily, tossing her flaxen pigtail over her shoulders as she did so. Alain recovered his usually cocky assurance, and flashing his most engaging grin, murmured gallantly:

"The angels are supposed to be mighty near us on this holy night, my lady, but I had not thought they would manifest their presence to such humble sinners as myself."

She flushed even more beautifully at that, and glanced behind her. Alain's eyes followed her own, to where his pupil sat, buried in a large calf-bound tome, busily engaged in reading as much as possible before the precious daylight finally slipped away.

Alain raised his brows, and held them there till she should turn and see his mock-amazement. She caught his meaning instantly.

"My brother is busy just now, sir. Can I help you?"

"I am his tutor, Master Alain Beauchamp," Alain adroitly seized the opportunity to introduce himself. "I had come to see you—er—brother upon some small matter. It is of no moment. The light will fade shortly, and no doubt he will then be at leisure to discuss it with me. Meanwhile, I suppose I may wait?"

"Of a surety!" She looked with no small awe upon the man who guided her brother through the, to her, tedious and tortuous paths of erudition. "Will you sit here?" She led the way to a nearby settle.

ALAIN observed that she held between her slender fingers a sprig of mistletoe. Delighted at this chance to make light conversation tending toward a serious end, he cried:

"Ah! I see some folk in this benighted country do follow the grand old Christmas custom. You, too, are from England, then. But no; if you are Benoit's sister, you come from Picardy, surely."

"I am not really Benoit's sister," she said, at first hesitatingly, and then with a little rush of confession. "Benoit is my step-brother only. I am from Lubeck. My father was a sword-maker. The peace killed the sword business, and finally my father. The Sire de Joly wanted to adopt me, and since I had seen Benoit . . ." She paused, shyly.

"I see." Alain was surprised to find that Benoit could appeal to any girl so strongly as to make her leave her home and native land. "But the mistletoe . . . I wonder, does it mean the same in Lubeck as in my country?"

Again she blushed and giggled. She had a laugh as fresh as frosty morning, thought Alain.

"I see it does," said he. "Shall we hang it together—for Benoit?" he concluded guilelessly.

"You may help if you wish," she said. "It is a very good custom. I remember in Lubeck, where it is very very cold in winter, and the house may be nearly buried in snow, we used to deck the walls with holly and mistletoe, and there would be a roaring fire on the hearth. We would play games. It was very nice."

"Oho," said Alain. "It is a tale you have told me—a tale of Christmas!"

"A tale of Christmas?" she asked, wondering.

"Why yes," Alain was charmed with this opening, which allowed him to air his eloquence in tale-telling. "You are a child of the North Country. All your life, the terrible snow has been your enemy. It is the white dragon which kept your knight from entering the gay world within, where you reigned as queen. Your evergreen and the red flame of your heart shut out the Dragon-with-the-Icy-Breath from your dream world. For indeed, this bright place is the creation of your dreams. Green stands for fertility, for lush and flowery meads, for the cornucopia of Nature. The red berries and the red fire stand for the flame of love in your heart. You dreamt, then, of a warm snug home, a tall and hand— (Continued on Page Six)

THE LAURENTIANS

A mountain road, a November morn,
The pines and hemlock tall,
A camping kit, a new world born,
A native hunter's call.

A dog and gun and wind swept peaks,
The tang of the autumn air;
The savage thrill as the beagle seeks
The home of the innocent hare.

The dark gray sky, a winter bold,
The streams have ceased to flow,
The groundhog free from bitter cold,
Beneath the deepening snow.

The frozen North, a dog sled track,
The sparks from the glittering snow,
The chorus howl of a hungry pack
When the crescent moon is low.

The deep, dark woods, where woodfolks dwell,
Where brooklets dash and foam—
The Laurentians hold me in a spell,
And there I feel at home!

HOWARD J. LABARGE

McGill Daily

THE OLDEST COLLEGE DAILY IN CANADA

Member, Canadian University Press.

Published every week-day
during the college year at
690 SHERBROOKE ST. W.
Telephone LANcaster 2244.Opinions expressed below are those of the
Managing Board of the McGill Daily
and not the official opinions of
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SANTA CLAUSMontreal, Wednesday, December 21, 1938
Vol. XXVIII—No. 58

The Annual Report

THE Annual Report, a 117 page summary of McGill's progress during the fiscal year 1937-38, was made public yesterday. It contains a detailed account of the financial condition of the University, enrolment, grants, changes in the staff, and other information of vital importance to the student body and to the public in general.

Of particular interest is the fact that this is the first report submitted by Dr. Douglas, who was installed as Principal of the University last January.

"The year witnessed no great changes. In the various departments and faculties there is evidence of constructive thinking concerning basic principles of education and the main details which go into the improvement of the many mansions of the University." This, in the Principal's own words, is the keynote, as statistics and tables are disclosed in the booklet.

The most outstanding feature of the Report is the announcement that the combined deficit of McGill University and Macdonald College has been reduced from \$83,380 of the previous year to \$57,882 for 1937-38. This lowering is consistent with the University's policy to reduce by gradual means the large deficit of three years ago—\$184,618. As in the past, it was met through the personal generosity of members of the Board of Governors.

One surprising observation is that the deficit of Macdonald College, \$20,030, is almost double that of 1936-37, while the deficit of McGill, \$37,862, has been substantially lowered.

As Dr. Douglas explains, the McGill reduction is not necessarily a forerunner of a bright future: "It would be misleading to represent this apparently improved financial position of the University as heralding an era of better days, indeed it would be wishful and romantic thinking so to construe it. For it must be remembered that the compensation of the members of the staff has not been restored to the pre-1932 level; that the reductions they made effective still apply; that the staff of the University, lamentably small in several instances, has generously assumed the burden of maintaining a quantitative standard of teaching which ordinarily would require a larger number of assistants; that the University in some disciplines is undertaking only to do a minimum, and in a few instances only a very scanty minimum; and that a few years hence the liquidation of the five-year medical course will entail a substantial decline in revenue. These are the facts which make the financial statement for 1937-38 misleading and deceptive; these are the facts which must be squarely faced."

Enrolment figures, showing a steady rise through the years, have jumped from 2,292 in 1913-14 to 3,310 in 1937-38, or have increased approximately fifty per cent. Most interesting is the registration in the Graduate School which now has 232 students, 53 per cent. of whom had not received their preliminary education at McGill.

This is indeed an indication that, more and more, McGill is attracting young men and women who want to carry on in post-graduate work. Advancements by the University, especially in the field of science, are notable. For example, "as a result of the active interest maintained by the members of the Department of Physics in the development of experimental physics, the expenditure necessary to provide a cyclotron

and radiation laboratory has now been authorized by the Board of Governors."

Welfare of students leaving the University has not been neglected in the Report. Plans to aid undergraduates in the choice of careers are mentioned. "To give students, especially in the non-professional faculties and schools, reliable information concerning possibilities of employment and to provide them with qualified advice, the University, in co-operation with the Students' Council, is planning for next session a series of talks on careers." Undergraduates themselves are not neglecting this important project. At a recent meeting of the Students' Council, the movement was started to have the Council sponsor during the rest of the session a series of talks by leading industrial experts.

Christmas Every Day

ONCE again the inexorable flow of the river of time brings us to that part of the year which is the delight of young and old—Christmas time. It is the traditional time for presents, goodwill messages, and the ever-recurring sentiment for "Peace on earth."

With the advent of the holiday season we instinctively turn our thoughts to things sublime. We are enjoined to remember our fellow-men, their needs and their sufferings. We turn our eyes in the direction of heaven and thence get the inspiration for an improved relationship in our daily contacts. The divinely noble examples with which the lore of this season abounds have a profound humanizing effect upon our every action. Truly it is this spirit which was intended to be the keynote of Christmastide. We hearken unto our hearts and let the universal prayer for "Peace on earth, goodwill to men" form the cornerstone of our actions on this day of days.

Shall we allow those noble sentiments to be shed the day after Christmas? Shall we return to the avaricious pursuit of material wealth without so much as a thought to show the lingering effects of a Christmas spirit? Would not the "tumult and the shouting" incidental to the celebration of this auspicious day be so much waste if we are to forget the lesson which underlies the spirit of the day? Why can we not carry along with us a little of that divinity which is Christmas? Why not let a little bit of Christmas be the guiding spirit of every day of the coming year?

Tone Poems

(Editor's Note: The following contributions to the Selection Committee felt were excellent examples of tone poems. They catch the sounds and rhythms of Christmas and winter very aptly.)

CHRISTMAS.

Solemn
And still
Lie the cold, white hills.
And fields lie solemn and coldly white;
Save where,
Through the frosty air,
A yellow pane gleams cheerily through the
silence of the night.
The deep-toned bells
Of the village church
Have ceased their distant ringing over silent,
snowy hills.

When . . .
With a clatter and a jingle,
Clack of hoofs and sleighbells' tingle,
Neighing of the little reindeer tells the com-
ing of Kriss Kringle . . .
Rosy face and snowy hair,
Scarlet jacket trimmed with fur, . . .
Children in their coats all sleeping faintly
smile and slowly stir.

Then . . .
Hear the patter on the roof
Of the tiny cloven hoofs . . .
He is gone!

And once again
Solemn cold and silence reign,
And once more
The cold white hills
Lie
Solemn
And still.

—J. L.

ZWOA BRITTL.

The year may have more than one season
Yet I can remember but one,
The time when the rivers are freezing and
mountains with whiteness are spun.
When snowflakes are tumbling so fast and win-
ter has come, then at last
Two boards upon cold powder snow
YOHO!

What else does a man want to know?
Two . . . know?

The hiss of your skis is a passion;
Whoever would think of a spill?
Then . . . Bang! There's a godawful gash in
The smooth shining track on the hill.
What's happened you don't understand,
There's two splintered slabs in your hand.
Three boards and some snow down your neck
Oh Heck!

Your skis are a helluva wreck
Three boards and some snow down your neck,
Oh Heck!
Your skis are a helluva wreck.

THE KID

By ROBERT A. SPENCER

For the ninth time in the space of fifteen minutes the Kid found himself lying in the dust of the alley, glancing up at his sturdy young opponent who had just knocked him down and stood over him like a lion, daring him to stand up again. Like the sturdily built body of the boy on his feet the one who was grovelling in the dust was large and well built for his twelve years, but there was no strength in those limbs and not even his willing heart could force them to do things he wished. But for all his physical weakness in the boy's heart there blazed a fiery sort of courage, a defiant determination not to be beaten. In spite of all the hard knocks he had taken in the last few minutes he did not seem badly hurt and was now slowly rising to his feet. The apathetic group of spectators showed no excitement, for it was an old story to see the Kid get beaten, in the many fights he had been involved because of his rebellious and stubborn spirit, he refused to submit to the dictates of others.

He was on his feet now, and his opponent moved across the circle to meet him. In spite of his threatening approach the Kid refused to back up until, as the first hard blow came over, he stepped suddenly backwards and sideways, and as the other's fist slithered across his chest he drove with a hard right that seemed to have a telling effect. The Kid was smiling now as he danced around the circle dodging the blows of his opponent and seizing like lightning every opportunity to get across a sharp guard, but for the rest of the time he kept his blow up and took no chances. At last he was neatly cornered and with several hard blows his opponent knocked the Kid sprawling back-wards. The Kid quickly raised himself to a sitting position and began to think. Nine times he had been knocked down and each time he had bounced up for more. Guess I've had enough, he thought. Time to quit.

The spectators were thinning out and there was barely a handful when the Kid began to talk.

"O.K.," he said, "I guess you've got me this time. I quit."

Then there was a long pause and the other coolly picked up his coat and books and prepared to leave.

Then the Kid began to speak again.

"This will be the last time you'll ever beat me though, I'm warnin' yuh. Do you see that lump there," and the Kid pointed to a lump a couple of inches in diameter on his left side. "It's that lump that lets you beat me, the doctor told me so. And I'm going to have it removed next week. And then the doctor says that I'll be big and strong like the rest of the fellows."

They were listening to him now, and turning the thought over in their minds. It was possible of course. As long as they could remember the Kid while appearing full-grown and normal in every way, had been weak, too weak to defend himself. It might be that the doctor had got at the root of the trouble and that soon the Kid would be as strong as he desired.

The Kid went on.
"And when I'm all fixed up I'm going to lay into every one of you fellows that have hurt me, and I'll beat you till you can't stand." He made an effort to rise, but could not seem to make it, and sank back leaning on his elbow. The other Kids moved off and left him alone.

"I'll lick every one of you," he shouted after them.
When they were gone he scrambled to his feet and began to brush the dust from his clothes, obviously not as badly hurt as he had pretended. Then he stuck his hand underneath his sweater and from his left side several inches below the armpit he produced half of a rubber ball and stuck it in his pocket.
"I guess that'll hold 'em for a couple of weeks," he chuckled as he picked up his books and moved off.

NO RUG CUTTIN'

Boulder—Something tell us that a League for the Prevention of Swing is in the formative stage. Last week, we read in the daily press where a Mississippi preacher informed his flock that swing was paving the road to hell so the younger generation could get there much quicker. That started us on one of our semi-annual periods of thinking. And the next day, a Detroit physician said that jitterbugs were in a fair way of dying from the physical strain. The good doctor hinted that the new, natural style of dancing required as much conditioning as crew racing or football. He also said nervous prostration was the natural result of such concentration on brass and drums. He painted a very dark picture.

So, it would seem that an organized national movement is afoot to put swing and its hand-maiden, the shag, in the archives like the minuet, for future generations to gaze upon and snicker. It was nice while it lasted. This movement puts the University band a wee bit north of the eight ball, however.

—Silver and Gold.

When May with its torrents and thunder
Destroys winter's magic, O God,
The world from the spell that it under-
Awakes to a nightmare of mud.
The skier all coughing and sweating
Will climb any mountain and sing!
Two boards upon cold powder-snow
YOHO!

The craziest song that I know,
Two boards upon cold powder-snow, yoho.
The craziest song that I know.

I care not if government taxes
Take everything else that I own;
Two hickory boards and some waxes,
And I'm free in the mountains alone.
If death finally finds me in Spring
Inscribe on my tomb what I sing:
Two boards upon cold powder-snow.
YOHO!

What else does a man need to know?
Two boards upon cold powder-snow, yoho,
What else does a man need to know.

Greater Love

By L. E. YATES

Jim Baker turned over uneasily and wished his bed would keep still. Funny—it didn't rock like this at Harcourt Hall. What could be the matter? For a second he stared in a daze and then understood. He was on a train. Oh, yes; Christmas; going home, to see Mother and Dad . . . and Gladys. A thrill of anticipation shot thru him. Say, she was a great girl—she had everything—brains—beauty—personality. Lazily he surveyed the oak panelling of his bunk and built castles. Seven years! How long it had seemed—4 years spent in hard study and three years in working, and he hadn't been home since he got his degree. Like Jacob serving seven years for Rachel. . . . They'd be married immediately of course. No delays for him. He visualized the home they would build; a parlour, open fire-place—him and Gladys together. . . . How hard he had worked; how many nights had he spent alone waiting for this Christmas—the Christmas he could go home and stay—stay with Gladys—not for ten days but for ever and ever. It seemed impossible, for ever. Christmas was a glorious time and it always had been for him for it meant one thing; being near the woman he loved supremely. . . .

With a start he realized he had been day-dreaming for almost an hour and now breakfast was being served. Getting into his clothes with as much speed as the space limits permitted he scrambled down and made his way to the dining room. Boy, but it felt good to be free—free to live his life as he had always wished to. Well, no day-dreaming now. He ordered unsparingly and ate with gusto.

At noon his train pulled into the small but well-kept station. He hadn't been home for three years, but there were no changes. This place never changed; only the people grew old, died, and were replaced by others of the same type. But Gladys, well, she was different. Would she know him? Of course, she must! But suppose she didn't care, or somebody else had taken his place. Suppose, O, horror, she were dead—or crippled, or . . . Would he still love her?

With these thoughts racing through his mind, Jim walked swiftly to his house two blocks away. After the usual greetings by the folks—which he felt were somewhat subdued—he inquired for Gladys. Oh yes, she was well. In fact she was waiting for him in the next room. How thoughtful of her; and waiting, for him!

Jim hurried into the parlour. There she sat, facing the window; but not the same Gladys. He took one look at her and a cold sweat broke out on him. There was something wrong—why didn't she look up? What was the matter? He called out. Slowly she arose and turning in his direction began to feel her way towards him. Pathetically she stretched out her hands and with a great sob fell into his arms. Then he knew. She was stone blind. Brokenly she told him of the accident with the chemicals; nobody was to blame; it could happen to anyone. But to her of all people. He gritted his teeth and pressed her close. Of course she was useless like this; she didn't expect him to. . . . What would he do? Then he remembered it was Christmas; the season of love and happiness; the celebration of a sacrifice—yes, the supreme Sacrifice. He would do the same; he loved her and would still marry her. She protested but it was no use. And then a new calm and peace came into Jim Baker's heart; a peace he had never before experienced; something higher, holier, nobler than even his love for her. And he knew, then, what Christmas meant—a love which passeth understanding; supreme—sublime. . . .

The Rensselaer Polytechnic recently published an article on cribbing; the methods used and the inadvisability of the practice.

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A Happy New Year

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Full information may be obtained from the Secretary

ARCH. J. M. PETRIE, C.P.A.

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The Student Voice

(Letters to the Editor must be accompanied in each case by the name and address of the sender. Anonymity will be respected on request.)

On The Workshop.

To the Editor of the McGill Daily:
Sir,—I would like to express through the medium of your paper my appreciation of all those who helped in the production of the Workshop this year.

Faced with the added difficulty of building a stage, the success of the show was the result of the co-operation of all those who participated, from the actors to the scenery designers. To all of these I am grateful, and to those who have already graduated to the major productions I wish the best of luck.

Yours,
MAURICE HECHT,
Director of the Workshop.

MY UNCLE.

My uncle
Is the sort of man
Who can't enthuse.
Mistletoe and Xmas jokes.
Do not amuse
My uncle.

We give him
All the usual gifts—
Like socks and ties.
On Xmas morn my uncle shows
No thrilled surprise
At these.

Perhaps
When I am fifty-nine,
I'll be a little bored.
With ties and socks and socks
An ties and socks—oh Lord!
Poor uncle!

—K. T. H.

THOUGHTS.

Fir trees are green,
Snow is white;
What does this mean?
I'll bite.

The poor benighted Eskimo
Has never seen a radio.
The finer things in life he lacks.
But he never pays amusement tax.
And pity the lonely Afghan nomad.
Who, because his state is so bad
Spends his life in a goatskin tent.
But contributes naught to a night-club's rent.

The monks in St. Francis monas-
tery,
Lead cloistered lives that are far
from merry.

But they're never broke from pay-
ing divers cover charges and
taxi drivers.

But the women who chase us
Would call us skunks
If we wished for the life of the
Spanish monks.

Or the Afghan, or of the Eskimo.
In order to save a little dough,
They insist they go with us because
of our looks.
But they still play the deuce with
our pocket books.

—The Hatchet.

CO-ED'S PRAYER.

Respirates there a man
Around about
This university
Of sufficient
Restraint and coolness
To limit his demands
Not just requests
But demands
And say "Good time,
Good-bye"

Just holding hands—
Who has the gentility
To wait
Until at least a
Second date
To reach a warm
Romantic state,
And give a girl
Some preparation
Before expecting
Osculation

At least an hour in
Length and duration?
If such there be,
Go mark him well
I'll date the guy
And make him tell
Me what the hell
He had for dinner
That makes his so sick.

—Kentucky Kernel.



"It's the most colourful tree we ever dressed"
"Thanks to those gorgeous Sweet Caps!"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."



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We mention just a few of the many
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Foulard Scarves with handknotted fringe, size 18 x 54-in.,
in colours he will like, blues, greys, maroons - - 3.95

String Gloves from Scotland, lined with wool; white, yel-
low, and camel; in small, medium and large sizes, pr. 2.50

Argyle Check Socks from England, hand-framed; browns,
greys, and blues with contrasting overchecks. Pr. 2.00
3 Pairs for - - - - - 5.75

"Mayfair" Briar Pipes, made from the finest selected
briar by Sasieni of London, England - - - - 1.50

Military Brushes from - - - - - 4.50 to 22.50

Schick Electric Shaver - - - - - 13.00

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DEFICIT OF UNIVERSITY REDUCED TO \$57,882

ANNUAL REPORT IS ISSUED; PRINCIPAL WARNS AGAINST "MISLEADING" STATEMENT

LOWEST IN YEARS
Staff Co-operating to Carry On
ENROLMENT HIGHER

R.V.C. Shows Surplus of \$10,775; Macdonald Deficit at \$20,030

Announcing the lowest deficit in years, the Annual Report of the University was released yesterday from the office of Principal Lewis W. Douglas. The combined deficit of McGill University and Macdonald College amounted to \$57,882 as against \$83,380, for the previous year, the Report states.

This apparently improved financial condition for the year contains "misleading and deceptive" facts which "must be squarely faced," Dr. Douglas declares in his statement. "It must be remembered that the compensation of the members of the staff has not been restored to the pre-1932 level; that the staff of the university, lamentably small in several instances, has generously assumed the burden of maintaining a quantitative standard of teaching which ordinarily would require a larger number of assistants."

R.V.C. Shows Surplus.
The Principal points out further that in some courses the University "is undertaking only to do a minimum," and that in a few years the elimination of the five-year medical course will mean a substantial decline in revenue.

Figures given in the Report show that the general income of the University proper amounted to \$1,341,554, comprising \$715,818 from students' general fees, \$64,246 from investments, and \$112,547 other income. Due to an increase in the number of students, the income from students' fees was \$22,846 more than in the previous year. The deficit for the University was \$7,852. Together with a deficit for Macdonald College of \$20,030, this raised the total deficit to \$57,882. The books of Royal Victoria College, kept entirely separate by the university, show a surplus for the year of \$10,775.

Enrolment Figures Up.
Touching on the increased enrolment, the Principal says:

"In the past it is, I believe, been well understood that McGill has not bought a greatly increased enrolment. Yet the enrolment has increased from 2,292 in 1913-14 to 3,310 in 1937-38, or by approximately fifty per cent, and it will be seen that this is because of the larger numbers entering from the Province of Quebec, mainly into the Faculty of Arts and Science.

"Several factors may account for this change. For instance, whereas in 1913-14 entrance into most of the professional faculties was on Junior Matriculation, standards of admission have in the intervening years been raised so that a student intending to qualify for admission to the study of Law, Medicine, Engineering, Dentistry and other professional subjects, is obliged to equip himself by spending from one to three years in Arts and Science, and many obtain the Bachelor's degree before proceeding. Them too, the available evidence shows that since the war there has been everywhere a re-

Charley's Aunt Shown At Macdonald College

By G. K.

Monday night saw the final presentation by the Mac Literary and Debating Society of Brandon Thomas' famous comedy, Charley's Aunt. Taking everything into consideration, the play may be considered a great success, and the producers are to be congratulated upon the performance. During the first act the production dragged somewhat, but in the second act improved, and the audience was kept in gales of laughter by the convincingly spontaneous humour. The play was marred somewhat by a certain hesitation and need for prompting on two or three occasions, but quick action on the part of some of the characters avoided many awkward pauses.

Tony Reeves, a newcomer to the Mac stage, was outstanding in his portrayal of the befuddled Lord Fancourt Babberly. In fact, Reeves seemed to fit right into a part which he knew perfectly. Dave Miller, as the enamoured Jack Chesney, showed his usual dynamic spirit in a characterization which, in spite of several well-covered misuses, displays his ability as a comedian as well as a serious actor. The supporting cast, ably led by Bill Petty as Charles Wykeham, was perhaps a lit-

tle weak in spots. Ethel Weisman and Yvonne Wilson, as Amy and Kitty, attempted, with little success, to depict the roles of two unnatural, colourless young ladies of the Victorian Era type. June Philpot as the orphan, Ella Delahay, played her part well but with a certain lack of warmth which detracted from the portrayal. Peter Welby, as the pompous Brasset, could not have been better; while Dick Goss, as Stephen Spettigue, although he slipped once or twice, portrayed the money-grabbing old uncle to perfection. Eleanor Lindsay as the wealthy Donna Lucia was excellent, and her portrayal left nothing to be desired. Jack Stuart, as Sir Francis, was too stiff, even for a retired army officer, and there were one or two times when he changed from his deep bass voice to his baritone, which reminded one of an adolescent youth whose voice is changing.

The back stage organization, usually rather inefficient in such productions, was excellent, and the scene-shifting was carried out without a hitch, thanks to the hard work and good management of Frank Gold and Doug Henderson. The scenery and props were also good due to the efforts of Ethel Kinzer and Rose Deslaurier.

markedly large increase in the enrolment of full-time undergraduates in Arts and that there seems to be a tendency to obtain the preliminary training or the Bachelor's degree at the nearest local institution."

Large Bequests Received.
Although for the session under review, total financial aid to undergraduates amounted to \$64,000, there were still some deserving and brilliant students who needed pecuniary assistance, the report states. A University Scholarship Committee, appointed by the Senate, has been working on the problems of student financial aid, it continues.

Gifts, grants, and bequests received during the year amounted to more than \$407,000. Of this figure, the largest single grant was a legacy of \$250,000, by the will of the late Colonel Herbert Molson. A further gift of \$50,000 was received from an anonymous benefactor whose name still remains unknown to the administrative authorities of the University.

The past year witnessed not great changes academically, the report shows. Serious efforts were being made to reduce the number of failures and "spoiled academic careers" and to raise the standard of scholarship by new regulations affecting the standing and promotion of students. Among these regulations is the decision to put on probation any student who fails to be promoted to any year, where he will be required to clear up his record completely before being given regular standing.

Student Health Aided.
"Increasing emphasis is placed upon the protection and promotion of the health of the undergraduates," Principal Douglas states. When they first enter the University all students are medically examined by the Department of Physical Education, and where corrective or preventive treatment is shown to be needed follow up

measures are pursued. Cases of organic disease are thus detected in early stages, through medical consultations, x-rays and analyses. Abnormal posture is corrected through the use of the silhouettegraph and the employment of corrective exercises. The Department is still without a gymnasium, but physical exercise is encouraged through the promotion of sixteen different intramural sports, which provide competitive activity for a large percentage of the student body. Intercollegiate championships were attained in Hockey, Harriers, Fencing and Water Polo.

"The initiative in the discussion of plans for a gymnasium has of recent years been taken by the Graduates' Society. With the consent of the University, the Society sponsored a competition among graduates for the best plan designing a building which would serve also as an armoury and provide the McGill Contingent, Canadian Officers' Training Corps, with a drill hall and administrative offices. Mr. A. J. C. Paine (App. Sci. '10) emerged as the successful architect. It was decided that the building should be a memorial to the late Principal and bear the name 'The Sir Arthur Currie Memorial Gymnasium.'"

ASSISTANT APPOINTED

John McDonald, Senior Artisan Is Assistant to Rev. Leslie Pidgeon

John McDonald, senior student in the Faculty of Arts, has been appointed assistant to Rev. Leslie Pidgeon at the Erskine and American Church to replace Rev. J. G. Brown who has been called to the Prairie Provinces.

McDonald was stationed for four years at Albert College in Belleville, Ont. He has also held a central office at the Central Y.M.C.A. on Drummond street.

SCHOLARSHIP PLAN IS 'WELL UNDER WAY'

Helen McMaster Gives Opinion Yesterday

COMMITTEE MEETS

Former President of Women's Union Returns from Toronto

The movement for National Scholarships sponsored by the Canadian Student Assembly is well under way according to Helen McMaster, former president of the Women's Union and at present, chairman of the National Scholarships Committee. Speaking at a luncheon meeting of the local Scholarships Research Committee in Strathcona Hall Miss McMaster, recently returned from Toronto, reported very favourably on the progress of the movement. Professor L. C. Marsh of the Economics Department and director of Social Research at McGill congratulated the Committee on its work.

Questionnaire.

It was announced that early in January, a questionnaire would be distributed in the upper grades of the high schools with the object of determining how many students were intending entering the university and of those, how many would be possible applicants for scholarships. D. C. Logan, Superintendent of Schools, J. S. Astbury, Mr. Hatcher and other high school principals are helping the committee draw up the questionnaire. It is expected that the findings of the committee will be of value to the Registrar when applications for entrance and for scholarships begin to arrive.

Colleges to Co-ordinate

A co-ordinating meeting with representatives from Varsity, Queens, McGill, University of Montreal, Laval, Sir George Williams College, and numerous smaller colleges is to be held in Montreal during the holidays. After the vacation, a number of large meetings will be held on the campus as well as on other camps throughout the country, publicizing and explaining the scholarship movement to the student bodies at large. Negotiations are underway with officials of the CBC in order to procure a number of broadcast hours for the movement. During the vacation, several prominent men including cabinet ministers and M.P.s are to be approached with a view to obtaining endorsements. The projected plan for National Scholarships was first presented in the House of Commons by Paul Martin. Since that time interest in the movement has been rising steadily and it is felt that within a year or two, the proposed bill should become law.

MACCABEANS MEET

Rabbi Jesse Schwartz to Speak Before Campus Group
"What Can We Do About It?" is the subject of Rabbi Jesse Schwartz who will speak before the Maccabean Circle on Thursday, December 22 at 8.30 p.m. at 527 Sherbrooke St. West.

This meeting of the Maccabean Circle will be a study group, Avukah, and it will be the last meeting to be held this year. All members are being cordially invited.

FROLIC FEATURES PING-PONG PARTY

By M. R. and M. H.
S.C.M. members last night brought the 1938 activities to a close with a whoop and a bang at an informal frolic in Strathcona Hall.

Things got under way with a rather hectic game of progressive ping-pong. And just in case you think ping-pong is sissy sport try progressing it sometime. Just snatch the ball, fling the bat and keep on going. Then out came the badminton nets and the Christmas wreaths and a very satisfactory domestic version of deck tennis resulted. Dart-shooting, bingo and extemporaneous sing-songs provided other diversions.

The evening's excitement reached its peak with the introduction of the country dancing, when everybody joined hands with a will to "weave the wadwell"—a sort of combination shag and big apple neza-nez. Balloons and refreshments climaxed the program.

SKI WEEK - END AT VAL MORIN

McGill Skiers to Leave Saturday Morning

Snow Conditions in Laurentians Showing Favorable

On Saturday morning, December 31st, a group of McGill skiers will leave for Val Morin, returning the following Tuesday. The total cost, including train fare, will be \$5.10. Skiing will occupy most of the time of the party, but music and the essentials for a New Year's Eve will not be lacking.

The total number which can be accommodated is seventy-five, so reservations should be made early at Strathcona Hall or at 4156. Last week some twelve or thirteen inches of snow was reported at Val Morin. Before the excursion about six more inches are expected which would make the conditions for skiing first class.

Val Morin is generally spoken of as giving excellent cross-country opportunities, and given fair weather and favourable conditions the skiing promises a good weekend. Apart from the cross-country work which may be offered there is other entertainment on the programme to fill out the time.

XMAS SPIRIT PERVADES MEET

Forty Students Attend Yuletide Celebration

German Songs, Lantern Slides, Christmas Message Comprise Party

By H. B.

Although the lights went out at the height of the performance, the Christmas party given by the German Club last night proved a success, despite the time and energy spent in fixing the electricity. The spirit of Christmas was prevalent everywhere. Santa Claus, in the person of Professor D'Hautserve (with his German dictionaries) handed out presents to all the students. The Christmas tree, donated by one of the students, added greatly to the atmosphere. The meeting, at which 40 students were present, opened with the rec-

ASU TO HAVE SPC DELEGATE AT NEW YORK

Club Sends Secretary to Convention

GOTTHEIL TO GO

American Student Union to Meet for Five Days at City College

Dedicated to a consideration of advancing democracy, the American Student Union Convention opens on December 26 at City College in New York. Although unaffiliated with the A.S.U., the Social Problems Club is sending its secretary, Jack Gottheil, to the convention as a fraternal delegate. The convention, lasting until December 30, will be opened by Mayor Fiorella H. La Guardia and will feature addresses by a number of outstanding American educationists.

The preliminary draft of the convention programme includes a discussion of student self-government, democracy on the campus, campus co-operatives, academic freedom and racial and religious discrimination. The programme of the A.S.U. states:

"Curriculum must be geared to the needs of an advancing democracy providing students with a loyalty to and understanding of and an ability to function in democratic institutions.

"School and university administration should be models of democracy allowing a voice to representatives of student body, the teaching corps and the community.

"Student self-government, faculty unions and associations should be encouraged and built as essential institutions of campus democracy

itation of the Christmas Message according to Luther's Bible. This was presented by Beryl Musgrove. All students joined in the singing of many old German Christmas songs such as "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht," "O Tannenbaum," "Ihr Kinderlein Kommet," and "Es ist Ein Ros' Entsprungen."

Many facts were disclosed on the early costumes of Yuletide by Mary-Ellen Rossiter, who gave a lantern slide lecture on the historical aspects of Christmas. The first Christmas tree was used in 1604 in Strasburg. Usage of this symbol then spread throughout the land. All the while, the Glihwein was being brewed by Doctor Beck. Within ten minutes of the completion of the preparation of this "glowing wine," not a drop was left.

Distribution of the presents was made by the drawing of lots by the students under the tree.

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NEW YEAR'S EVE FROLIC AND DANCE
Sat., Dec. 31st, at 10 p.m.

The Lion Club Presents in Aid of its Welfare Fund.

DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA - PLUS VAUDEVILLE SHOW
SEATS ON SALE NOW
General Admission \$1.50. Plus Box Seats - - - \$2.00. Tax.

and as instruments of school administration and policy. For a campus slum clearance and health insurance programme to safeguard the personal well-being of the undergraduate, without increasing his budget."

MAC SINGS CAROLS

Musical Appreciation Club Plans Evening

Macdonald College, December 21.—In the Assembly Hall tonight at 7 p.m., the Music Appreciation Club will present an evening of music and carol singing.

Special arrangements have been made for solos, descants and male voices. An enjoyable musical evening is promised and an invitation extended to all.

NEUROLOGISTS TO MEET TONIGHT

The regular weekly meeting of the Montreal Neurological Society takes place tonight at 5 o'clock in the Montreal General Hospital.

The program has been announced as follows:

1. Series of cases with night blindness and deafness in one family.—Dr. Viner.

2. Case for diagnosis.—Dr. G. Paterson-Smyth.

Members are asked to note that this is the last meeting before the holidays. There will be no meeting of the society during the week between Christmas and the New Year. The next meeting will be on Wednesday, January 4, 1939.



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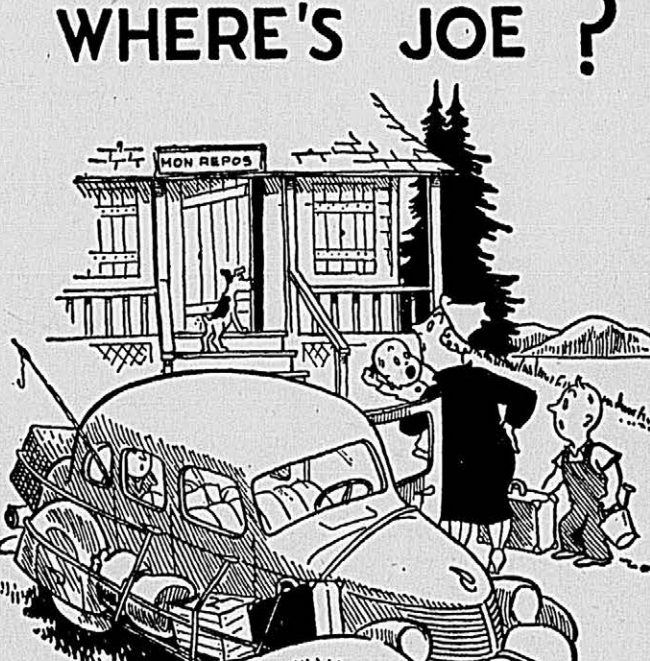
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World News in Brief

Reich Bows to U.S. Demands
Washington, December 20.—Categorical assurances were given by Germany today through Dr. Hans Thomsen, her Charge d'Affaires here, that there will be no discrimination against Americans, whether Jews or of other race or religion, who have inherited legacies in Germany and that exchange will be provided for their obtaining the inheritances in full.

Nations in Lima Ban Conquests in Western Hemisphere
Lima, Peru, December 20.—A resolution against recognition of territory gained by force in the Western Hemisphere was drafted today and headed for expected approval by the 21 nations represented in the Pan-American Conference.

Commons Votes for Voluntary Register in U.K.
London, December 20.—The Chamberlain Government tonight received almost unanimous approval in the House of Commons for its national service policy. By a vote of 270 to nine, the House agreed to a three months' trial of a voluntary register of manpower.



Give her a pair of comfy slippers for Xmas. We have them in all styles and shades to match her dressing gown.

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California Sun Clouded by Rugged Red Team

Deluge Descends Toward Finish After Bright Start

Trojans Falter to Lose 5-2 in Stretch—Walker Nets 3

In bygone days Troy withstood a long siege, succumbing after ten long years. Last night California's Trojans withstood the siege for two periods but finally succumbed in the last before McGill's worrying power-plays. The Redmen sank four goals in the last twenty minutes to come from behind and gain a 5-2 decision.

Walker scored three goals, with McConnell assisting in two and netting one himself. Timmy Dunn scored the remaining goal on assistance from Perowne and Kennedy and figured in the goal that Captain McConnell scored.

RAGGED GAME

The game was a unique one, with both teams playing rather ragged hockey but at the same time very entertaining for the 2,500 fans in



Russ McConnell from high-flying collegiate champions.

Beranek was the stumbling block for McGill in the early stages of the game, combining skill and luck to turn aside an early rain of shots. McGill peppered many shots after powerful thrusts, but there was no trickiness in the passing plays.

Trojans Lack Polish

For the University of Southern California Lennox and Richardson were the individual stars, scoring both the southerners' tallies. However, the Californians led a well-balanced team, heavy in build, with sufficient aggressiveness to capitalize on any opportunities that came its way, but lack of polish round the nets prevented a few excellent chances to score when there was only Emerson to beat. A little more coaching might have helped the Californians considerably.

The goaling for both teams was rather spotty or freakish. One tally got by Emerson with Lennox past the nets, but the puck slid into Ash's leg, recoiling into the goal. At least two of McGill's goals, both on long shots, slid through Beranek's legs for no apparent reason.



Andy Anton

The fight that the Trojans put up was a good one, keeping interest at a high rate, but conditioning or experience told in the end as the Red team overcame a one-goal lead garnered by California in the first period to force a 1-1 tie at the end of the second period.

Lennox, at the beginning of the third period, made a clean break to score by himself. Within five minutes McGill tied the score and spread its three-goal lead over the remainder of the period.

The line-ups:

U. of S.C.	McGill
Beranek	Goal
North	Defence
Fitzgerald	Defence
Beauchamp	Centre
Schaller	Forward
Tougas	Forward
U. of S.C. Subs:	Novicki, Robson, King, Lennox, Richardson, Prosser, McGill Subs: Brands, Anton, Crutchfield, Perowne, Owen, O'Brien, Doheny, Kennedy.

SUMMARY.

First Period.	
1.—U. of S.C.—Richardson (Lennox).....	5.09
Penalty: Prosser.	
Second Period.	
2.—McGill....Dunn (Perowne, Kennedy)....	14.30
Penalties: North, Fitzgerald.	
Third Period.	
3.—U. of S.C.—Lennox.....	31
4.—McGill....Walker (McConnell).....	5.15
5.—McGill....McConnell (Dunn).....	8.40
6.—McGill....Walker (McConnell).....	11.40
7.—McGill....Walker (McConnell).....	16.08
Penalties: Anton 2, Richardson 2, North, O'Brien.	

BOMBARDING BERANEK

By SMITTY ET AL

It was far from a good hockey game, but it had definite crowd-appeal. Ragged play led to wide-open attacks on the nets. Making up in quantity what they lacked in quality the shots and attacks of the Red Raiders had Goalie Beranek on the jump, and with a little more luck and less consistency on his part the McGill score might have been double. Coach Farquhar's puckchasers will have to show more style and polish if they are to come out at top of the Intercollegiate League again. The law of averages on chances for scoring might not be so favourable when they meet a team of tougher and more experienced proportions.

Whoever heard of selling frigidaire to the Eskimos? Whoever heard of selling furcoats in the Tropics? Whoever heard of a hockey team from way down south in California coming up to Canada and beating the representatives from Old McGill, the backyard and cradle-ground of puck-chasing? Such rhetorical questions. But for a while it looked if the impossible might happen. The Trojans were leading the Redmen 2-1 at the beginning of the third period but right and might prevailed and McGill finished the period and game with a comfortable winning margin.

It was a lively crowd, if not too numerous, and seemed to have gotten into the holiday swing. Speaking of swing, the McGill band helped heat the Forum, which was a bit on the chilly side, with their red hot renditions of several well-known "classical" numbers such as "Alexander's Ragtime Band." We wonder what solemn thoughts possessed the mind of the drummer as he thumped out those stirring notes? We'd give a penny, if we had such coinage, for his thoughts. A bouquet and a huzzah for the fine cheer-leading efforts of Benny Lamb, who led McGill fans in many timely yells, perched on a narrow board atop a seat. All that was lacking in his all-star performance were those usual somersaults. Maybe it was the late hour.

Even the flashy headwear, which the Trojans sported couldn't swing the balance of feminine opinion to desert the (Continued on Page Five)

MUSKETRY MEET COMPLETED FRIDAY

Ninth Platoon Wins; Corporal Browne Highest Individual Score

Inter-Platoon Musketry.
The Inter-Platoon Musketry Competition for Team "A", Officers and N.C.O.'s, was completed last Friday afternoon at the Victoria Rifles' Armoury. The competition was fired at a range of twenty-five yards by teams of four from each platoon, with each competitor firing two targets one application with a possible of twenty and one rapid—ten rounds in seventy-five seconds—for a possible of thirty and a possible team score of two hundred. The competition was won by number nine platoon, with number one platoon as runner-up and number five platoon in third place. The highest individual score was a possible by Corporal D. Browne. The scores in the first three teams were:

First No. 9 Platoon.	
Second Lieutenant Walkly	49
Sergeant Floud	39
Corporal Pick	41
Corporal Hashim	41
Total	170
Second No. 1 Platoon.	
Lieutenant Mendelsohn	36
Sergeant Tyndale	42
Corporal Clarke	44
Corporal Waud, E.	38
Total	160
Third No. 5 Platoon.	
Second Lieutenant MacRae ..	43
Sergeant Waud, P.	41
Corporal Jennings	35
Corporal Fleming	40
Total	159

SWORDPLAY

By Doug and Jack

This column rings down the curtain on the first half of the year's activity. So far certain success has been achieved in the formation of a Co-Ed club and a Ladder tournament, which, although it died a fairly recent death, can be counted upon to revive in the new year. There seems to have been a renewed interest and larger attendances, although the usual drop in attendance around Christmas has been noticed.

Style Note! It seems that women's fencing costumes are causing the P.Q.F.A. quite a headache. According to the international rules, women's fencing costumes must include slacks, breeches or culottes, fastened below the knee, but not skirts or shorts. Unfortunately all the ladies do not agree with the international rules—hence the headache. Incidentally, and R.V.C. ladies who are asking Santa for fencing equipment should make sure the merry old gentleman presents them with the correct type of accessories. Men are to be required to provide themselves with full length jackets; the short ones will not do. This should be no hardship and is expected to facilitate judging and to prevent the numerous injuries that occur. A bib can be sewn on a short jacket for about twenty-five cents.

Margot Van Reet, manager of the Coed Club has asked us to express the girls' appreciation for the help and stimulus given by certain gentlemen in the formation of their club. Leo, Leveridge, Don Williams, Dave Haviland and several others showed real brotherly interest and we only hope that this interest will continue to be brotherly.

Although little was decided at the P.Q.F.A. meeting on last Thursday it should go down in history as one of the most challenging and searching discussions of recent years. Some definite action must now be taken!

There is at least one amateur coach in Montreal who says that he will never enter another tournament or even let one of his fencers compete because of the poor judging and sloppy fencing. This is an accusation which bears the mark of truth. And you should hear M. Blau discourse expressively on "les champions"! McGill fencers too often recline within the "ivory tower" of seclusion preferring to remain aloof from the numerous executive difficulties of the Fencing Association. That's the pity. McGill has one of the strongest clubs and the best coached teams in the (Continued on Page Five)

SKI CLUB CONTINUES UNUSUAL EXPANSION

At yesterday's Ski Club meeting in the Union, the Ski Year Books were given out, several new members were accepted, and the accommodations for the cabins reshaped.

The manager and captain have taken several promising newcomers in hand with the result that they will do training service in the competitors' cabin over the holiday. For those others who have ambitions of skiing for the first time in the future, come to the informal Ski Club meeting tonight at 5.00 p.m. in the Union reading room. Being of necessity the last meeting before the holidays and with the first competitions on New Year's Day, it is of great importance to all competitive skiers. Zone cards are essential for this meet as for all others and will be dispensed by Herby von Colditz.

The ski membership has swollen to about one hundred and thirty-five members. This is by far the largest club on the campus. Would be members are still welcome and secretary "jake" Bovard is on hand to welcome newcomers.

Any further word about the sweaters can be obtained from the manager. Concerning the "competitors' cabin, the official list has been posted and here they are:

From 28th-30th—Cochrane, L. Wilson, G. Moore, J. Beck, Bailly, N. Benson, G. Archambault, E. Cunningham, G. Townsend, P. Paquin, D. Mcleod, P. Kertland.
From 30th—Bob Townsend, G. Archambault, M. Outhet, D. Tirrel, H. Colditz, N. Benson, J. Beck, P. Kertland, Bailey, Mcleod, K. Mackay, E. Cunningham, G. Townsend.
The House Committee consists of M. Outhet and G. Townsend.

Red Invaders Overcome Union College Hoopsters

McGill Squad Play Classy Ball Against American Rivals—Hold Early Lead Throughout Game

Schenectady, N.Y., December 20. (By Special Dispatch to McGill Daily)—Playing a fast-breaking game from the very face-off, McGill's touring basketball team defeated Union College here tonight by the score of 57-44. At half-time the Red Raiders were leading by 34-20 and repulsed a determined bid early in the second half.

Union came within six points of tying the score, bringing it to 50-44 in McGill's favour. However, showing a superior brand of ball to offset everything that Union College offered. The Redmen gradually pulled further in the lead and were carrying the play at the closing whistle.

Kingston High Scorer.

Kingston and Wykes paced the Red marksmen. The former took scoring honours for the evening netting 17 points. McGill's centre, Wykes, trailed his team-mate by two points, registering 15 points.

Probing deeper into the States

Coach Van Wagner's cagers continue their exhibition tour to New York where they meet the famous Long Island University Quintet. L.I.U. has one of the smoothest teams in the East and are going to prove stiffer opposition for the Red Raiders. Their next engagement is with the crack City College squad on Friday night.

The line-ups:

UNION	McGILL
Ford (5)	Wykes (15)
	Balcom (7)
Schultz (11)	Purdie (10)
Palmer (0)	Kingston (15)
Buchanan (2)	Giannasio (10)
Asinski (0)	Mislap (0)
Watson (7)	Keyes (0)
Canfield (0)	Kalfas (0)
Miller (4)	
Turchick (4)	
Kathler (7)	
O'Brien (2)	
Tanner (2)	
Total—44.	Total—57.

REDMEN SOUTH FOR NEW YEAR

Play Five Games in Eight Days

One Exhibition Against Boston Olympics Features Trip

With the city competition behind them and a closely contested battle with the U.S.C. Trojans under their belts, Coach Hugh Farquharson leads his players south to engage in four intercollegiate tussles and a lone exhibition in Boston. The trip will be officially inaugurated New Year's Eve when the Redmen tangle with Boston Olympics, but will be over after a week as the team has to hurry home to continue their city schedule.

Last night's farce against the Californians proved that the Redmen do not lack in aggressiveness but in the ability to make their shots good. Granted that Goalie Beranek played sensationally, there were still enough opportunities for the forwards to mark up a healthy lead. As it was, McGill lagged behind for two periods, and it really looked as though the Trojan's five-man defence would protect their slim lead. It was only in the last period that the homesters were able to forge ahead.

East Over West.

As it is, the win rather establishes the East's superiority over the Southwest as far as college teams are concerned. The Trojans are the class of the coast, and there was no question as to who was the better team on the ice last night.

The first exhibition against the Olympics should leave McGill shipshape for the remaining four intercollegiate fixtures. Two days later they meet Toronto, not at Toronto, but at Rye. This should be the toughest nut for the Redmen to crack. It will be recalled that the Blues took the Trojans 8-3, and the visitors classed them as the best yet encountered before coming to Montreal. However, they also claimed that the majority were tallied while the Trojans were serving time in the jug. This match should really decide which way the wind is blowing.

One night later in Rye again McGill meets the U. of M. outfit. The latter teams have been rather easy meat for the Redmen in recent years and this should prove no exception.

Bulldogs Tough Assignment.

A game every two days will feature the last leg of the trip as the players take on Princeton on January 5 and Yale on the seventh. The Bulldogs usually give McGill a close fight and a nip and tuck struggle is expected, as the tilt will take place on Yale's territory. This will wind up the lengthy tour and the Redmen will be back in time to play Victorias here January 11. Victories in all the college tilts would set them right for the title. Perhaps a streak would follow last year's example when the Redmen returned unbeaten for the concluding games of the city schedule.

Gym Jottings

By Dave Sproule

The Christmas Spirit is upon us. Yes, indeed it is. So much so, in fact, that although Coach Finlay is leaving town for the holidays he has asked some of his experts to be on hand at the gym on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, during said holidays, to look after any poor, misguided souls who find gymnastics more to their taste than skiing and skating. (We don't wish to appear as a wet blanket or anything like that, but it doesn't look like there is going to be any skiing anyway. That is one good thing about gymnastics—you don't have to depend on weather conditions.)

In previous years the interest taken in these holiday practices has been practically nil, but—well, anything can happen. Anyway, they will be held at the usual time (five o'clock, in case you don't know), and we really expect to find a few chaps there each time. With the basketballers out of the way we shall be able to get the low-bar down, and the rings too! (How does that sound, Bill?)

Bye the way, we have heard several favourable comments on the poem that appeared last week. We think it is pretty good. Well, I guess we have taken up enough unchristmas space in this special issue, so we'll close by wishing everyone a MERRY CHRISTMAS.

From the Philippines . . . a definition of love to end all definitions of love. . . "Love—a chronic disorder of the heart and the central nervous system, of an unknown causation, with the chief symptoms of precordial oppression, palpitation, rapid pulse rate especially in presence of the cause, insomnia and Anorexia.

LEAGUE STANDING RELEASED AT MAC

Juniors Lead Basketball—Seniors, Teachers Tied in Volleyball

Macdonald College, December 20.

The standings in the interclass basketball and volley ball leagues were released today. The Juniors and Post Grads have run through their basketball games to date without defeat, the Juniors standing at the top in lieu of the fact that they have played four games to the two games for the Post Grads. In the volley ball games the Seniors and Teachers have both survived three games without defeat. The standings of the two leagues are as follows:

BASEBALL.						
	P.	W.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
Juniors	4	4	0	121	52	
Post Grads	2	2	0	129	31	
Frosh	4	2	2	71	128	
Teachers	1	1	0	25	15	
Sophs	3	1	2	54	50	
Seniors	3	0	3	45	94	
Dip I	3	0	3	44	127	
VOLLEY BALL.						
	P.	W.	L.	Pts.		
Seniors	3	3	0	6		
Teachers	3	3	0	6		
Dip I	3	2	1	4		
Post Grads	3	2	1	4		
Dip II	3	1	2	2		
Juniors	3	1	2	2		
Sophs	3	0	3	0		

Frosh 3 0 3 0
These standings include all games played up to the week ending December 17.

Registration in a big way . . . the first and only student in Purdue University's Home Economics school is a boy . . . he plans to be a dietitian.

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STAR HAND LAUNDRY

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED YOUNG MAN WORE IN 1820

What he said was:
"MAKE MINE MOLSON'S"

THE ALE YOUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER DRANK

BLIND DATE

By Robert A. Spencer

(Continued from Page One.)

for the idea to soak through his head but finally it actually did. Slowly he began to smile (the first in two weeks) and in two minutes he was rocking in his seat, roaring with laughter.

"Ha ha ha" he cackled, "blind date—that will fetch him. I knew I'd think of something if I thought long enough."

I saw that he was going to take all the credit for the idea so I said indignantly: "Say whose idea was it anyway?"

He stopped, laughing for a minute. "What?" Eh? Oh yes, well I'll take charge from here on." He always did do that, but I didn't care for I was thinking of the fun in store for Ivor (or us).

As soon as Allan sobered up we began to discuss our plan of attack. As usual he did most of the talking, and as usual he said very little.

"Boy" he said to me, with a grin all over his face, "we'll pick out the worst looking woman we can find for Ivor. Come on, let's go down the street and pick out the worst woman we see."

"Don't be crazy, we have got to have other girls if we are going to be able to persuade Ivor to go. Let's go to a show Friday night. You take Marion, and I'll take Mary Ellen. She'll pick up the worst looking girl she knows, and believe me she knows plenty."

That wasn't exactly acceptable to him, but finally I persuaded him that that was the only way to do it. When he agreed, we had a race to the phone which I won, being more used to the route. I hurriedly dialed Red's number. Red, by the way, is Mary Ellen. She's five foot-three, slim, and pretty. Her hair is as red as a traffic light and she dances like a fairy. After two or three mis-dials I got the right number and her voice came sweetly over the wire.

"Oh hello, Red," I said, "It's Bob speaking."

"You must have the wrong number," she replied saucily. "There's no one by that name here."

"Oh come down from the sky, Red. I want to talk business to you."

"Sorry, wrong number."

"All right, Mary Ellen (emphasis on the name) all right. I quit."

"That's fine then, Bob. How are you?"

"Oh I'm fine. Say, are you going to be in for a few minutes?"

"Oh I might. Why?" Darn her hide, she saucies me back so fast I can't keep up.

"We've got a little business deal we'd like to discuss with you."

"Sorry, but the folks are entertaining. You'll have to take me to the drug store and buy me a soda."

I turned round to Allan and explained the situation. He said it was O.K. with him. I told him it was his treat and then told Red we'd be over in five minutes.

We picked Red up and then walked to the drug store. With her usual curiosity she pestered us with questions all the way, but we told her to wait. It was snowing like the dickens and we practically had to drag her all the way. "Nice stuff, snow," I murmured absently, and Allan just glared.

As we were going in the drug store we met a neighbour, Louella MacAdam. She's just my age, tiny with fawn hair and soft brown eyes. She's one of the nicest all round girls I know, and I've been after her for a date for years, without success. Tonight, as usual, she's with one of the boys. Red and Allan went on in, and I talked to Louella for a few minutes. Then they left and I went in and sat down beside Red. "About time you got here," was her comment. I said I was sorry and left it at that. She'll forget it, I thought.

"Well what was the pressing business?" Red asks after a few minutes.

"Hum—yes" I answered, "Well, Allan, we had better begin by hearing your story."

So Allan began again. Although I had heard the story many times before I still found it entertaining, for Allan added details each time, and it was really funny to see how worked up he got. Red listened carefully, and before Allan was through we were both laughing at his discomfiture. Finally I sobered down and explained our proposition to Red. She seemed to get the idea.

"You see," I explained, "I'll take you to a show on Friday, Allan will take Marion. But it so happens that you have a girl friend visiting you for the week-end, so we pick up Ivor to fill in. Get it? And here's where you come in. You pick out the most unattractive girl you can think of and get her to go on a blind date. See? Now will you do it?"

She didn't think that it would be quite fair to Ivor, and then I tried to explain what Ivor had done to

Allan, but she wouldn't see it that way. Why she's got so thoughtful, I don't know. She never is with me. I was just about to give up when Allan began to talk to her. After a lot of argument she agreed to do it.

"Swell," I said, "and now let's shake on it." We did, and she nearly cut my hand off with her fingernail. Then Allan phoned Marion, and when she agreed to go he phoned Ivor. Naturally he wasn't so keen on the idea, but Allan reminded him at least ten times how he had helped him out of jam last week. At last Ivor agreed to help us out, but just as Allan was about to hang up Ivor suddenly remembered that Friday was the last day of the month and he would have to work late. That was the first hitch in our plans. I didn't know what to do when as a last resort I shouted to Allan to try Saturday night.

Ivor reluctantly enough said that he would come on Saturday. We both felt better now, and thought that everything would be all right. We came back to the table where Red was sitting and told her that we had had to change the date to Saturday. She said that she would be glad to go on Saturday, but what were we going to do Friday?

"Friday?" I asked her. "I'm going to stay home Friday. Isn't one date a week-end enough for you?"

"But you just asked me to go out with you on Friday."

"Yeah, but now that's changed to Saturday and you just said that that would be O.K."

"Oh no, I didn't. I said that I would be glad to go with you Saturday, but you made a date with me for Friday and you've got to keep it."

"But I—"

"No buts or the whole thing is off."

I left it at that. She had me and she knew it. Anyway I would only have to call on her for a little while Friday. By this time I was beginning to get fed up on the whole affair, for after all what business was it of mine. We left the drug store, and I walked Red home. While we were standing on her porch with the snow settling down softly all around she nestled up to me and whispered:

"You may kiss me good-night if you like, Bob."

I gazed at her, pretty as a picture, and wasn't sure whether to kiss her or to shake her. Finally I compromised and did both....

Promptly at 8 o'clock Allan and Marion, Ivor and I called for Mary Ellen. She answered the door looking as pretty and as saucy as usual. We all went in and waited for a few minutes while she and her girl friend put their coats on. Red came down the stairs and the other girl followed her.

"Well everybody," she sang out, "I want you to meet my guest, Miss Louella MacAdam. Come on in Louella. This is your date for tonight, Ivor Francis. This is Marion Thom, Allan Logan, and the boy with the sour face is my date, Bob Patterson."

I was so startled I didn't know what to say. I stood there for a minute, my mind blank. Then I saw that Red had neatly caught me on my own hook to get even for my talking to Louella for so long that other night. I never was so mad at myself, except once—but that comes later. I muttered something about "we've met before," and then Red grabbed my arm, shoved everybody out of the house, and then dragged me after her. Going down the street after a painful silence she looked up at me and smiled:

"Does my choice of a girl-friend for Ivor suit you, Bob?"

"You—yes— Oh well," I replied resignedly, biting my lip. I was boiling. There was the girl I had been wanting to take out for so long, and she was on a blind date with the fellow on whom we were trying to play a dirty trick. Stoooge—that's me. I could have killed Red, but that would only have made matters a little more serious. After we had taken the girls home later that night, Allan and I walked home alone. And the things he didn't say aren't worth repeating, but the worst of it was that he kept calling me all the names he was calling Ivor last week. Sometimes he invented new ones, but not often because he didn't have to.

Two weeks later my company decided to send me on a business trip to the coast. I was to be away for six weeks. During these two weeks I hadn't seen Red once, but seeing that I was going away I thought that I had better call on her. I was still sore at her and didn't waste much time telling her so. We tried to be polite to each other but it didn't seem to work.

"Darn you, Red—oh all right, Mary Ellen," I said to her as I was leaving, "sometimes I'd like to turn you over my knee, but you're so

doggone pretty and so darned nice at times, well...."

"I'll try to be nice, more often," she said sweetly, but with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "Good-bye, and don't forget to write."

A week before I was scheduled to arrive home I received a letter from Mary Ellen asking me to tell her exactly when I would be home, as she would like to spring a party in my honour that night. I told her that I would be home for Wednesday night. When I got home I found the invitation waiting for me. Swell of her, I thought. Hurriedly I changed my clothes and rushed over to Mary Ellen's place. She welcomed me with more than the usual warmth, so that I began to be suspicious. Nor was I one bit surprised when Allan began to speak to me in the same tones as the last time we had met. Nor was I surprised when I saw Louella, lovelier than ever, dancing most of the evening with Ivor. I fell in love with her all over again and the two dances that I managed to get with her were a bit of heaven. It started off to be a swell party, and when I told Red so, she said: "You haven't seen anything yet."

Somewhere about midnight I saw Red whispering at great length to another fellow. Soon after he jumped on the table and said he had an announcement to make. After a while he had everybody hushed up and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us tonight a couple of whom I am going to tell you some great news. In fact, ladies and gentlemen, this news will be a great surprise to you all, and to one in particular."

That sounded like Red's style. I glanced up, but her eyes were on the announcer.

"It gives me great pleasure to announce that Miss Louella MacAdam and Mr. Ivor Stewart are engaged to be married, the wedding to take place...."

That was all I heard. So I had arranged the introduction and thus given Ivor the chance.... So the girl I had been after for so long was going to.... And I was responsible for the whole thing. Red had again made a stooge out of me. I could have kicked myself, only I didn't have to as Allan did it for me. That was the third evening that a blind date had spoiled for us.

BOMBARDING BERANEK

By SMITTY ET AL

(Continued from Page Four)

locals. Many co-eds turned up expecting to see some beauties in a Hollywood style but McGill men still reigned supreme in hearts of feminine admirers. Goalie Beranek, the blond menace, might have lost some of his s-a. when he picked up that shiner.

Referee Pean Bennett got slightly excited when Walker and McConnell missed open nets. He lost his equilibrium and went into a tail-spin. There were many hair-raising plays as Redmen swarmed around the Trojan's nets and did everything but score.

McGill was the perfect host and gave up their usual resting-place and moved across the rink to hostile benches. Jimmy Mitchell, a McGill student acted as trainer for the visiting Californians. The crowd even once began a yell for good old U. of S.C. but got stranded midway when no one knew what came next.

Co-ed Comments.... Who's this JoJo? Sounds like a monkey on a string to me.... Why do they call Dunn all the time? What has he done?... I'm glad McGill won, but that California goal—WELL.... What young couple took the green light, which is flashed every time a goal is scored, as a signal to go ahead? My, oh man.... What's that Californian player doing all alone on the ice? A fine time to give an exhibition. Oh, a penalty shot.... Merry Christmas. Have I got things to tell the folks?

A student at Washington University paid his tuition with four bags of gold.

NOTICES

Notices must be in by 7 p.m. Notices will not be accepted over the telephone. "For sale" and "wanted" items will be considered as advertising and should be submitted to the Advertising Manager.

Graduate Fellowships and Scholarships.

University of California Fellowships and Scholarships. Closing date—February 20th, 1939.

University of Iowa Fellowships and Scholarships. Closing date—March 1st, 1939.

National Research Council (Washington) Fellowships. Closing date—February 1st, 1939.

Radcliffe College Fellowships. Closing date—March 1st, 1939.

University of Toronto War Memorial Fellowships. Closing date—February 28th, 1939.

Washington University Fellowships and Scholarships. Closing date—February 28th, 1939.

Particulars are filed in the Registrar's Office. Students who are interested should consult Miss Collingwood for details.

T. H. Matthews, Registrar. December 13th, 1938.

Lost.

One pair of Navy blue ski pants. Probably lent to French Society. Please return to Nancy Griffin in R.V.C.

Lost.

Small black Waterman's Fountain Pen on Monday or Tuesday, either in Biological Building or in Union. Finder please leave at Tuck Shop or at caretaker's office in Biological Building.

Lost.

A black note book containing Latin translations, also a "Histoire de France." Please return to Bill Gentleman.

Lost.

Monday or Tuesday, small black Waterman's Fountain Pen with broken clip, either in Biological Building, or in McGill Union. Finder please leave at caretaker's office in Biological Building or at Union Tuck Shop.

Found.

In Daily Sports office, a Doc Savage magazine. Loser can obtain same by applying at Daily Sports Office.

Macabean Circle.

The Macabean Circle study group, Avukah, will meet for the last time this year, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m. at 527 Sherbrooke street west. Rabbi Jesse Schwartz will speak on "What Can We Do Here." Refreshments will be served. All Circle members cordially invited.

Revue Notice.

There will be no more rehearsals for the chorus until after the Mid-term Examinations.

Neurological Society.

The next meeting of the Montreal Neurological Society will be held today at the Montreal General Hospital at 5 p.m. The program will be as follows:

1. Series of cases with night blindness and deafness in one family—Dr. N. Viner.

2. Case for diagnosis—Dr. G. Paterson-Smyth.

There will be no meeting of the society during the week between Christmas and the New Year. The next meeting will be on Wednesday, January 4, 1939.

Found.

In Union Ballroom at Engineering Banquet, a fraternity pin. Owner can have same by applying to Nick, in Cafeteria.

Biological Sound Films.

Today at 11.00 a.m., in Room 250, Biological Building. Films to be shown are: "Animals of the Rocky Shore," "Obelia," and "Coelenterata."

Found.

Two gold rings found in the Arts Building, owners may have same by applying to Bill Gentleman.

Lost.

A blue and pink sash, Monday evening about 7.30 on University street between Prince Arthur and Sherbrooke streets. Finder please leave with Mac or Alec at the Tuck Shop. P.S.: I can't wear the dress without the sash or vice versa.

Lost and Found.

Lost at Montreal High copy of

Chaucer's works and notebook. Found exercise and music books. Will be glad to receive and return respectively. Esther Feigelman.

Lost.

Green Parker Pen left on notice board of Daily Office at 1.15 a.m. Monday morning. Finder please leave in the Union Tuck Shop.

M. Outhet.

Found.

Will the student who asked, on Tuesday evening if a fountain-pen had been found in the Redpath Library, please inquire again at the desk.

Ski Week-End.

Will all those interested in spending 4 days (December 31 to January 3) in the Laurentians skiing please sign the list in Strathcona Hall.

Lost.

Last Wednesday, between Economics 2 at 12 o'clock and Zoology 1 lb. at 2 o'clock, a black and white Waterman's fountain pen. Finder please call MARquette 9045 or return in person to Wyndham A. Stover.

Colonial Service Appointments.

News has been received from the Colonial Office in London that it is hoped to appoint one or two qualified Canadians, in 1939, in each of the following branches of the Colonial Service:

Administrative, Mining, Medical, Geological Survey, Agricultural & Veterinary, Meteorology, Police, Chemical.

Particulars of these appointments may be obtained from the Registrar.

T. H. Matthews, Registrar.

SWORDPLAY

By Doug and Jack

(Continued from Page Four)

city and should take an interest in promoting good fencing.

At the P.Q.F.A. meeting representatives from ten clubs pledged a total of thirty-seven dollars to support the Fencing Magazine. If this sum is realized it will be possible to produce an attractive publication twice a month for the rest of the season. There are hopes of expanding it into a National Fencing Journal, a certain interest having been aroused in Winnipeg, Toronto and points West. The importance of this magazine lies not merely in its function of creating an interest and greater knowledge of the game but in also formulating a definite policy to guide its destinies. McGill has twenty-five subscribers.

But enough business and stuff, after all this is a holiday issue. Our congratulations and greetings to the R.V.C. Fencing Club which we note has made its appearance on the lists of the Province of Quebec Fencing Association, sounds pretty important doesn't it girls. And now, best Christmas wishes to all and a Happy New Year to all faithful readers, both of you.

EDUCATIONAL REFORM SUGGESTED BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

Burlington. — The name of Stephen Leacock is most generally associated with humorous works and political criticisms, but his prominence as an educator and authority on education is also well recognized. And so it is that his recent writings in the New York Times have brought forth much comment.

The subject that Mr. Leacock devotes his writing ability to is the

all-important one of the great amount of time spent by the student of today in preparing for his life work. Unlike the young man of years ago, the practicing physician, lawyer, engineer or other professional man of today who has completed the full cycle of education is no longer a young man when he enters upon his profession. A good share of the years of his younger life has been spent simply in preparation for his life work, and much of his time has been spent needlessly, declares Mr. Leacock.

Undoubtedly there is much validity to this criticism of the trend in our educational system today, and Mr. Leacock's suggestions to remedy the situation deserve serious thought. In order that the intelligent student can end his college studies at eighteen, "finish his professional studies and be out in the world, married and established at twenty-four," Mr. Leacock proposes certain changes in the "liberal arts" curriculum.

He advocates, first of all, simplified phonetic spelling as a great aid to the child faced with the problem of learning how to spell. Next, he believes that the study of mathematics should embody only those fundamental, straight and simple processes and operations which the student could learn quickly and retain in the future by remembering fundamental principles.

Modern languages as well as Latin come in for their share of criticism. Present teaching can quickly acquire a speaking knowledge of a foreign language. The biggest saving should be in English, where emphasis should be placed on appreciation and wide reading of literature, instead of upon continually testing and examining the student on his work. Literary appreciation should replace text knowledge, and "reading-for-reading's sake" should replace the question and answer of the written examination.

As to history, a broad and firm outline should be studied rather than a mass of detail which takes so long to learn and which is so quickly and easily forgotten.

These suggested reforms would not only shorten the student's curriculum but also make it more practical and worth while. The question of shortening education in a worthwhile and beneficial way is one that is ever growing in importance. Its significance is being recognized today more and more, and suggestions may soon grow into realities.—The Cynic.

COLLEGIANA CLIPPINGS.

At the University of Alabama the Law students really go in for a good time... at the football games the would-be lawyers sit in a group... each member wears striped trousers, tail coat and a bow-tie... a hand organ is played in front of the group, played by a negro who has been with them for years.

You rough and tough professors, here is a report that was made by the University of Georgia which states that if you happen into your professor's room to check up on an assignment, do not be surprised to find him curled up in a comfortable chair with a copy of Wild West Tales or Horror Stories. It seems that a check-up, was made on the newspaper stands in Atlanta, and the results showed that the students bought up all the slick paper magazines, while the professors were favourable to the "pulp," it being a veritable mania with some of the latter....

Hints for the Co-ed,—this is for the pleasingly plump damsel, who

believes in dieting and drinking cokes, also. Miss Laura Miller, associate professor of home economics at the U. of Oklahoma, said recently that coca cola hinders dieting. "One coke," she asserts, "contains almost as many calories as

does a slice of bread, and any girl who hopes to gain a sylph-like figure by coke-stroking should change her tactics." True saintliness is much the same in all religions and breaks the barriers of creeds.

"A PARASITE"

By IRVIN LAYTON

(Continued from Page One.)

I wiped the vision away with my hand. I reflected bitterly, "They will think me ungrateful if I continue like that."

They did not know that each day, minute by minute, I felt myself more and more a pitiable dependent. Degraded, an outcast, every inch of flesh in me felt worm-eaten, vile; the pores of my skin were crawling with vermin—an old smelly coat with which I had covered myself one bitterly cold night seemed to wave its sleeves mournfully at me. So to change the subject, I said, "I have been to see my brother-in-law."

"The rich one?" inquired Calan, who had put away her sewing and was now regarding an old Atlas attentively.

♦ ♦ ♦

ODDED. "It is altogether impossible to imagine what a gross and disgusting creature he is. An unclean beast, all flesh and perspiration and avarice. And my sister has too long shared the same room with him to be in any way his superior. Every morning they finger tenderly the pictures and marble statues they have bought at the auction sales and quarrel poisonously over their arrangement and position. 'This is the room for such and such a picture,' says my sister. 'No,' replies her spouse indignantly, his artistic sensibilities profoundly outraged, 'the frame doesn't match the wall-paper at all.' So they trip corpulently from wall to wall, stopping to finger, entreat, expostulate and shout before every picture and engraving."

The two minettes burst out laughing. "But, Luke, you must be exaggerating," cried Mimi, revelling in the vision of two slow bellies floating obscenely before her eyes. In the midst of their mischievous protestations Madame Cusinier had swept into the room and was bowing graciously to us in conscious imitation of the haute noblesse. So I rose from my comfortable armchair, bowed stiffly, and said the first complimentary thought that entered my head.

She was not very pleased with my poor efforts at gallantry, or so pretended; but I remembered that on one occasion when I was indiscreet enough to compare her to a well fed, rotund squirrel, she had been moved to remark:

"That is not all flattering."

"No," I countered hastily, my disinterested love of art making me reckless, "that is the truth."

"Oui, I love la verite," she answered vigorously.

But I saw the icy smile that accompanied her words and came to my own swift conclusions about her love for truth.

She took the other armchair and sat opposite to me, her knees almost touching my own.

"Last night I went to see my brother-in-law," I resumed. "You will not believe this, but when ever fruits are served, he cuts them with his own pen-knife and offers a handsome slice of each to the guests."

"Oh," exclaimed Madame Cusinier, making a small, black hole under her fatish nose, "And your sister . . . what does she do? Surely . . ."

"My sister," I answered with quiet conviction, "cuts the slices once again."

♦ ♦ ♦

Small ripples of laughter raced up her cheeks and lost themselves in the many furrows of her forehead. On her lower lip, savagely disfigured by gossip, appeared a white speck of saliva. With the forefinger of the right hand she pressed my knee:

"But you mustn't deal too harshly with them, my friend. They have tasted success late in life. Let them enjoy it in their own way."

"Success! Pooh! Do you call that success, Mouchquette?" demanded Mimi, who was always affirming or denying something thing violently. "That is what I call crawling upon one's belly. . . and with a grin on one's face, too."

♦ ♦ ♦

CALAN was busily counting the red spots of the British Empire . . . "Five . . . six." Finally she gave it up. "Everything is so stupid," she commented sagely.

I was thinking furiously, "She considers me a failure, a parasite. 'It's evident by the way she's looking at me.' A gust of self-pity blew through the frayed edges of my soul. I shivered. Before I had time to start the story of the torn coat which always jerked tears from the eyes of my listener, Madame Cusinier had bounced out of the armchair and was commanding, while I dreaded the words she spoke:

"A . . . table! A . . . table!"

The family appeared to be regarding me attentively and I went hot and cold with embarrassment. "Est-ce-que vous mangez avec nous?" Even before Calan began translating her words to me I had already seized their meaning and in my nervousness and confusion, I felt that the translation somehow sharpened the insult.

"No, really . . . really, you will not believe me . . . but I am not the least bit hungry. Maybe later," I stammered, trying to save myself that way.

"You must eat with us now," asserted Mimi forcefully. "Dad said you must take great care of yourself; your X-ray in his office revealed clouded lungs, a weak heart, bad . . ."

I implored her not to go over again the melancholy catalogue of my ailments which Dr. Cusinier had bequeathed to her as a precious heritage.

Madame Cusinier placed before me a steaming dish of cooked ham over which was piled a lavish heap of appetizing vegetables. The good smell rose to my nostrils and made me forget immediately my self-reproaches although it is true I almost choked with the first carrot and had to swallow a glass of water. However, I managed much better with the second and third.

When I had cleaned my plate with a piece of soft bread, I grew bold enough to venture:

"Your mother does make excellent meals, I love the way she serves the cooked ham."

"There's bouillon today . . . with rice, you know," offered Calan.

"I believe your mother would make an excellent bouillon out of anything," I remarked; and then added facetiously: "Even out of black beetles."

We were always making witticisms like that at the time. For instance, one evening when I had been invited to stay for supper and I had inquired politely whether they had enough to spare, Madame Cusinier had replied with excellent spirit, "We can always scrape the dirt off the kitchen floor."

But I do not know what possessed me to blurt, "And if your mother threw herself in with the beetles, I should be unable to tell the difference." The stupid words were no sooner out of my mouth when I felt my cheeks reddening with shame and discomfort.

♦ ♦ ♦

CALAN began rendering my words into remorseless French, Madame Cusinier started as though she had been struck with a ruler, tightened her lips so that thin white lines covered them, and let drop her hand upon the table.

"C'est sale!" she exclaimed, "C'est degoutant!" Suddenly I rose from my chair as though an enormous hand had dived through the ceiling and gripped me.

"Calan," I shouted excitedly, "you have mis-translated me, I didn't say that."

"I swear I didn't say that at all," I cried, turning to Madame Cusinier. "Calan has made a stupid blunder." I was trembling visibly and was now shouting at the top of my voice.

It was Mimi who came to my assistance. "Yes . . . you said something entirely different. What was it you said? The beetles . . ."

Angry, humiliated and sick with myself as I was, I couldn't help smiling. I turned the evil jest so that the unfortunate beetles and Madame Cusinier weren't mentioned together in the same sentence. Then my eyes slowly filled with tears.

The injured woman must have guessed my tortured feelings, for she gave me a quick glance of sympathy. Mimi kept her gaze steadfastly upon the tablecloth, seeking there some comprehension for my erratic behaviour. Calan, however, sensed that a conspiracy had been hatched under her very eyes. She persisted valiantly in the strict performance of her duty:

"I tell you I didn't translate him falsely, I tell you, I didn't. He said . . ."

But nobody paid any attention to her.

Madame Cusinier shook her head sadly. She thought of her own sorrows; of her unmanageable husband; of delicate expensive china; of

her favourite cat that had drowned accidentally, and she began to weep softly.

"Why are you crying, Mouchquette?" asked Calan, eyeing me as though I was in some way responsible for her mother's tears.

And Madame Cusinier said quietly, "I am crying for the sorrows of humanity."

The daughters helped with the dishes and their rich voices blended in a tender French lullaby above the running hot water and steam. I returned to the living-room and lit a forbidden pipe, hoping thereby to suck forgetfulness through its black stem and a bit of heaven. My dependence, my parasitism ate like a crooked, rusty nail into my soul. How peaceful it was here. My mind went back to the day almost two years ago, when my employer had called me into his office to give me my last pay envelope.

The system, it seemed, had seized me like a huge impersonal force, had placed me upon a shelf and pasted a label over my back, "Unemployed." At first it was exceedingly pleasant to be lifted off the ground and I had a glorious feeling of sailing through the air. However, arrived upon the shelf, I began to stamp my feet impatiently, making all sorts of absurd gestures like homunculus in the bottle. In vain! I was shouting into a whirlwind; the tempest swept past me, a mocking laugh in its folds, ruthlessly gripping other victims and depositing them upon the shelf beside me.

♦ ♦ ♦

I BEGAN to fear for the state of the world. It all seemed somehow wrong and a muddle to me. I grew thin and began to suffer from nightmares. When I slept the darkness blistered and peeled off the walls and seemed to roll itself into some monstrous, terrifying shape ready to hurl itself at my throat. In the morning I would awake pale and my throat was parched.

Then one evening I listened to the Prime Minister's cheerful words over the radio and was completely re-assured. Two more well-administered drops of election fluid cured me of my nightmares—I hope—forever. At any rate I have never been troubled since.

And Edward? My brother was no doubt running his passengers up to the country collecting his fee with a cool smirk and a bow. A year ago he was penniless like myself and had borne his martyrdom with befitting modesty. Now his soul was as slyly confidential as a bill-board.

"You here again?" he sneered as he saw me coming up to him. My philosophy was well-known to him by now. "A clever man," I had once opined in his presence, "doesn't have to work." He carefully dropped a silver half-dollar into my palm and climbed into his Hupmobile without looking at me. "Education is a great thing," he sent back as I stepped up to thank him, "but keep away from me."

And Pat? How she had praised my ready wit . . . my warm friendliness. But the thought uppermost in my mind had been, "Do I eat?" The smell of the roasted coffee and the clean kitchen prodded me on foolishly. After a while when my epigrams and witty remarks had made me arrogant I would sit down to the table uninvited. But with what a bitter self-loathing and emptiness I had said to her, "The worst thing in life is to be treated by our friends as badly as we've treated them." It was was not a long time after that that she began to call me sterile—a petrified forest. That was going too far. I thought she was needlessly exaggerating.

The remote past, secure and confident, took on warmth and colour. "What are you smiling at?" inquired Mimi as she came through the doorway. I thought she had never looked as beautiful as now. Her hair was parted in the middle and braided in two lovely coils around her head. Her fresh, rosy complexion thrilled me with hope and desire.

Aloud I said, "I was just ruminating on the past. How fancy uses the excrement of life to fertilize beautiful visions."

She smiled encouragingly and sat down beside me. For a few moments neither of us said a word. A fly sailed into the room and settled before the clock to see how many happy summer hours remained.

♦ ♦ ♦

MIMI edged over to me and took my hand in her own. She begged.

"You'll come to us to Valcartier for the summer? Luke, you must. It won't hardly be an additional expense. Besides, I can get a position in a nearby dairy factory." The fly crawled diffidently upon the brown table and then flew to Lenoir's "Baigneuse" tactfully bringing her a precarious modesty.

"You'll pay me back whenever you can . . . whenever you have your first short story accepted."

I winced as she touched so carelessly this last thin, futile disguise. Mimi thought that it was her offer to work for my keep that made me start.

"You look worried . . . is . . . is it that you feel that you can't accept?" I was silent for a moment. "Quite the contrary," I replied, fixing all my attention steadily on her lips, "If I looked worried it is because I know that I am quite capable of accepting."

Calan had overheard her sister's invitation and now she came bounding to us. "Oh Luke, you will come with us to Val. It will be such fun and you will tell us ever so many delightful stories." Her eyes glistened with eagerness, my heart ached, and I wanted to kiss the naked, dimpled arms she held out to me.

But I answered softly, "No, my minettes, I must find something to work at." I lied bravely. "In fact a certain man I know has promised me a job." It was an unexpected twinge of conscience that caused me to correct myself, "At least he . . . he only half-promised me."

I looked at the clock and rose to my feet apprehensively. It was ten minutes to three.

"Need some matches," I mumbled, "I'll run down to the corner and get them." At the door I shouted au revoir to Madame Cusinier who came towards us grimacing and wiping her palms upon her checked apron.

"Bonjour, monsieur . . . Demain?"

I nodded.

"You're coming back for supper, aren't you?" asked Mimi and Calan together.

"No," I replied smilingly, "I shall never come back, Good-bye, my minettes."

I didn't.

A MEDIEVAL TALE

By F. VILLON

(Continued from Page One.)

some husband, and of a happy family growing up around you. And ever you awaited the knight bold enough to battle the Dragon and win his way to your side."

"It's too pretty a tale to be denied, sir," she laughed.

"Ah, but there is more," cried Alain, fired by his own imagination, and confident now that he had aroused her interest and could play upon her emotions at will. "Your dream is now realized. Your Knight came, and bore you off to his own country."

Elated, he saw her glance a little wistfully, he thought, toward the unconscious Benoit, hunched in the window-niche.

"But is it the land of your dreams?" he continued, more softly, a little insinuatingly. "You strive to keep up in an alien land the sweet traditions of your own country. But the French do not understand these things. I know how you feel. I, too, am a stranger in a strange land, and these customs are mine also."

♦ ♦ ♦

It seemed to Alain that she sighed, ever so slightly. "By God his bones," he swore to himself, "I'll have her sobbing on my neck yet with this line."

"Does your knight understand?" He gestured almost thoughtlessly towards Benoit, the image of the scholarly recluse. "Has he not become like your old enemy, the White Dragon? He seeks only the cold white light of Truth as it is to be found in books. Does he care for the warm Truth that is to be found within himself, that tells him his heart is his best guide? He is pure like the snow, yes; is he not also, like the snow, cold?"

Alain indicated the mistletoe that she had let fall to the floor. Its bravery seemed to wither, its cheery mischievous leer to fade even as he spoke. He paused, noting with satisfaction that his plea was taking effect.

"Have I not guessed the truth?" he asked, more gently.

Her head was bowed, her shoulders shaking. Alain moved closer to her on the settle. "Like a ripe peach," he chuckled, "ready to fall at a touch."

He glanced a moment at Benoit. "If the light holds out, she's mine! And, if I continue as cleverly as this, I might even be able to borrow the money as well as the girl!" He metaphorically rubbed his hands in gloating triumph.

"Now," he thought, "the coup de grace."

"Here is your mistletoe," he said aloud. "Shall we hang it together?" and he would have laid his hand on hers.

She raised her head, and he saw to his amazement that she was laughing. For once Alain the Great Wooer was at a loss.

"But . . . but . . . why . . . ?" he stammered.

"I'm terrible sorry," she said, trying to keep from a fit of the giggles that was almost hysterical. "You have a beautiful line, and I really enjoyed it. I did, you know. And I think you really were sorry for me, just a teeny bit, weren't you. I admit it did look as though I were neglected. But you see, Benoit is not studying tonight. He's engaged in writing me a perfectly lovely Christmas ballade. I didn't interrupt him when you came in for fear it would spoil his inspiration. He really does love me terribly you know. Don't you darling?"

At her call, Benoit turned triumphant from his desk, and ran across the room to catch her about the waist and swing her high. Alain gazed at him in astonishment.

"Of course, ma mie," said this strange Benoit, and turned to Alain with no trace of the scholarly shyness he had hitherto shown in the presence of his tutor. The radiance of the girl at his side seemed to have transformed him. "We're going to celebrate, tonight, Alain. Are you with us?"

And Alain nodded shamefacedly, while the two stood smiling, their arms about each other. In her smile, he could detect a gleam of mockery which made him writhe inwardly.

"Do come—Alain—to keep me company should Benoit decide to desert me for his musty books."

CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Being the Saga of Yuletide Versus Modernity

(Continued from Page One.)

human beings could go to the extreme in attempting to convince their fellows of the importance of music at this season of the year? Yet they do. We have information leading to the establishment of the fact that due to the ingenuity of modern technological science the old-fashioned Christmas tree has assumed a new role,—the dispenser of music and good cheer. News has reached us that this year's edition of the time-honoured tree will bear (along with its multi-coloured lights and tinsel hangings) the added attraction of a loud-speaker which will proclaim to the world of Christmas Eve the beauty of "Silent Night" and the utility of Sleeping Beauty Mattresses. How appropriate!

Imagine a cold, starry evening in late December; the snow lies thick underfoot; myriads of tiny pin-points of celestial light cast a mysteriously-ephemeral glow over the earth; gaily-lit trees stand in front of every home and rear their bulb-bedecked branches heavenward; the air is crisp, invigorating and silent. Suddenly, from amidst the branches of the tallest and most majestic of the trees issues a ghost-voice. It is not the voice of St. Nicholas bidding you welcome, or wishing you good cheer. No. It is the voice of the announcer telling you that Toastie-Woasties contain more vitamins than there are letters in the alphabet. Silent Night. . . .

We admire one professor down at the University of Iowa. . . . He certainly has the right idea. . . . Occasionally he tells his class, "I think I'll sleep through this class." . . . And the surprising thing about it is that he really does. . . . Down here unfortunately, the professors do not do this sort of thing, but it is surprising the number of students that do. . . .

♦ ♦ ♦

Dr. Neil Carothers, dean of the college of business administration of Lehigh University, along with a number of students, was tagged for improper parking during a recent drive on parking restrictions in Bethlehem.

"Brown and White."

CHRISTMAS PAST

With the Colourful Traditions of By-gone Days

(Continued from Page One.)

winter. Martin Luther is popularly supposed to have introduced the domestic Christmas tree. From Germany, it spread during the Nineteenth Century to France and England. Queen Victoria set up a Christmas tree in Windsor Castle in 1841, and the nation loyally followed the royal fashion.

♦ ♦ ♦

Carols and Things.

Carols were originally folk-dances performed in a circle to the accompaniment of a folk-song. The Waits who come around and serenade you in England on Christmas Eve were watchmen in the Middle Ages, and in the Eighteenth Century they adopted the custom of singing carols in addition to calling the hours and giving warning of thieves or fire. When, in 1829, their place as guardians of the town's safety was taken by police, private individuals kept up the custom of going round singing carols, and calling on Boxing Day for a tip. Carol-singing had very early become associated with the giving of alms.

St. Francis of Assisi is said to have started the "crib"—a miniature of the stable, with earthen figures of the Holy Family, the ox, and the ass—in order to inculcate the doctrine of incarnation. Carols were sung and danced around the crib, which might be set up in a church or in a private home. Children in the West Riding of Yorkshire who go around singing carols carry "Milly" (My Lady) boxes containing figures representing the Virgin Mary and her Child.

♦ ♦ ♦

Mummers. Thomas Hardy's "The Return of The Native" describes the rural custom of mumming, in which bands of men and women, dressed in fantastic costumes and wearing marks, present folk-plays of St. George, etc. In Scotland, the mummers are called guisards, and instead of the play of St. George, present a crude drama called "Galan-tian."

♦ ♦ ♦

Conclusion.

Thus we conclude our sketch of Christmas Past, and its colourful

ceremonies, many of which are regrettably falling into disuse. Perhaps, however, as the pagan traditions fall away, and we put away childish things, we may come more and more to realize the true spirit of Christmas beneath the tinsel, gorgeous though it may appear.

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